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SAMUEL SEABURY'S REPORT to the State legislature on the "evils" of the political system which has the New York City government in its grip would provoke into open revolt a more sensitive people than the residents of that city seem to be. The report is of an intermediate nature, the Seabury investigation being not yet concluded. In almost any other community its revelations would be considered sensational. The report cites case after case of graft and corruption, example upon example of "the sordid traffic in political influence." It does not depend for its proof upon hearsay or vague rumors, but piles up a mountain of documentary and other detailed evidence in support of its conclusions. Judge Seabury has by no means told the whole story. Admitting this, the report accuses Tammany Hall of having sought to obstruct and delay the investigation at every turn. In reply, a Tammany member of the investigating committee, Assemblyman Louis Cuvillier, has the effrontery to assert that the many evils exposed in the report are but "an incident in the administration of all governments." Concluding his report, Judge Seabury declares that there must be a complete overhauling of the city government, not only in personnel, but in structure and form, and he recommends that a city manager or commission form of government be adopted. His recommendations should be earnestly studied in every city where corrupt municipal rings exist. Would that they might excite in New Yorkers something more than the indifference or cynical amusement with which in the past Father Knickerbocker's citizens have met evidences of municipal graft and misgovernment!

KENNETH MACKINTOSH of Seattle has been nominated by President Hoover to a place on the federal bench in the State of Washington. It is well to know something of this man's record. He was a classmate of Herbert Hoover at Stanford, a member of the Wickersham Commission, and for several years has been a justice of the Washington State Supreme Court. In the latter capacity he has shown himself a consistent foe of labor and liberalism. What Washington thinks of his work on the Supreme Court was strikingly demonstrated in the 1928 election when Judge Mackintosh ran for the United States Senate, his opponent being Clarence Dill. Mr. Hoover carried the State by three to one, but Mackintosh lost to Senator Dill by 35,000. Judge Mackintosh's connection with the Centralia tragedy deserves special mention. On Armistice Day, 1919, a mob of citizens and returned soldiers wrecked the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World, and later raided the city jail and lynched one of the members of the I. W. W. who had been arrested because four men in the mob were fatally wounded in the attack. Two days later the following letter was written:

> George Dysart, Esq.,
> Centralia, Washington:
>
> My Dear Dysart: I want to express to you my appreciation of the high character of citizenship displayed by the people of Centralia in their agonizing calamity. We are all shocked by the manifestation of barbarity on the part of the outlaws, and are depressed by the loss of lives of brave men, but at the same time are proud of the calm control and loyalty to American ideals demonstrated by the returned soldiers and citizens. I am proud to be an inhabitant of a State which contains a city with the record which has been made for Centralia by its law-abiding citizens.
>
> Kenneth Mackintosh
> *Olympia, Wash., November 13, 1919*

This man should certainly not be placed in a position of authority in a federal court.

THE BILL TO REVISE the Federal Reserve and national-banking laws, sponsored by Senator Glass, deserves praise for the direction in which it moves. It calls for the removal of the Secretary of the Treasury as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, a necessary measure originally advocated by Paul Warburg, to reduce undue political influence. It seeks to control the disturbing growth of chain or group banking and to permit national banks to establish branches in the States where State banks are permitted to do so. This provision is necessary if merely for the purpose of putting national banks in a position to compete on equal terms with State banks; though it should be considered only a first step toward general State-wide branch banking, and the eventual establishment of branch banks throughout the

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Federal Reserve areas. The bill does not abolish banking affiliates but proposes a searching examination of them and complete publicity concerning their transactions. In the moderation of this measure the sponsors of the bill were doubtless guided by the fear that more drastic regulation would cause large national banks to take out State charters. The bill seeks to control speculative loans; and, finally, sets up inside the Federal Reserve system a corporation to liquidate the assets of failed member banks and to make cash available for depositors as early as possible.

BY SHIFTING GENERAL DAWES to the Emergency Reconstruction Corporation and appointing Secretary Stimson to the head of the Commission to the Disarmament Conference, the President has improved the quality of the commission. In saying this we are well aware of Mr. Stimson's great unpopularity with the American newspapermen and of his ineptness in handing out news. No one could have done worse in this respect than he did at London. None the less, Mr. Stimson is most eager, as his utterances have steadily shown, to obtain a real measure of disarmament, and more than that, his rank puts the American delegation on the same footing as those of other countries so far as that is possible for us. There had been genuine resentment abroad at the President's failure to put anyone on the commission of higher rank than an ambassador. These last-hour shifts and appointments have, however, injured the solidarity of the commission and very much delayed its getting together on a definite program. Meanwhile, the President's hasty appointment of General Dawes to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in advance of the passage of the bill by Congress has been another blunder, for the law distinctly states that the directors of the corporation are to choose their own officers. As both of these men are Republicans, this has given the Democratic minority a chance to charge that the President is playing politics with the corporation. What a pity it is that the President has not a wider range of appointees to choose from! With him it is always Dawes, Fletcher, or Gibson; or Gibson, Fletcher, or Dawes; or Fletcher, Dawes, or Gibson, with Meyer thrown in every now and then for good measure.

OUR CONSTANT WISH that *The Nation* might have the means to establish its own Washington Bureau with observers to report each week on what is actually happening in Washington is intensified by the fact that in our leader on foreign loans in the issue of January 20 we were the victims once more of inaccurate or inadequate Washington reporting in the dailies, and therefore did the State Department something of an injustice. We would, of course, not have said that the State Department approved an extension of a short-term credit loan to Colombia of $20,000,000 had we known that it was not correct, as reported, that the State Department passed upon this matter. We also learn that the State Department did not ignore the protest of the Commerce Department with regard to the Bolivian loan of $23,000,000. While we greatly regret having been thus misled into an unwarranted comment, we do not believe that we have done any substantial injustice to the State Department. It should never have had anything whatever to do with foreign loans, should have refused to state whether it had or had not objections to them and have kept its hands off entirely. Only then could it have avoided the present confusion, the charges and counter-charges, and the wholesale misapprehension as to whether the State Department does or does not approve foreign loans which exists in the public mind.

LORD SNOWDEN, who with Ramsay MacDonald and J. H. Thomas deserted the British Labor Party in the hour of its greatest need, is beginning to wobble again. He threatened to resign from the National Government because of its insistence upon a general 10 per cent tariff on all manufactured goods, contending that the projected tariff schedule is entirely unnecessary in view of the depreciation of the pound sterling. It is difficult to forgive Snowden his sins of the immediate past, but it must be acknowledged that here he stands on firm ground. A permanent tariff would in any case prove costly to Great Britain—to say nothing of its disastrous effects upon international trade. But the depreciation of the pound and other circumstances have made such a tariff doubly unnecessary. Were the MacDonald Cabinet's plan for a blanket schedule to be carried through, it would mean, as Snowden emphasizes, that Great Britain had unashamedly embraced protectionism, the most dangerous form of that economic nationalism which has brought world economy and world trade to their present low estate. In spite of his flat disagreement with the majority of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, however, Lord Snowden will not resign. Rather than spoil the fiction of national unity, Mr. MacDonald will endure the almost unprecedented spectacle of a Cabinet split on a major issue.

JAPAN WILL NEVER be held in check by mere words, by public remonstrances from Geneva alone. This the League of Nations and the American State Department ought to know. The latest proof of the contempt in which the Japanese hold the insincere peace gestures from Europe and Washington is revealed in their activities at Shanghai. The Chinese have only one weapon with which to oppose Japanese aggression in Manchuria, and that is their boycott of Japanese goods. The Chinese have used this weapon with telling effect; Japan's trade with China, and therefore the well-being of her people, has been seriously impaired. Japan now means to break the boycott with military force. She has sent 1,400 marines and several warships to Shanghai with the avowed determination to reduce the Chinese to utter helplessness. She even threatens to close Shanghai harbor to Chinese vessels! Tokio does not appear to be bothered for a moment by the international complications that might be encountered in carrying out this plan. Several Powers have troops stationed at Shanghai, and they have treaty rights there no less sacred than those Japan claims in Manchuria. The representatives of these Powers will need the utmost tact to prevent a clash with the Japanese invaders. But far more serious is the fact of the Japanese invasion itself. Japan may, by juggling diplomatic phrases, be able to justify in international law her aggression in Manchuria, but she can never justify the hostile stand she has taken at Shanghai.

THE NEW stand-still agreement between German banks and industry and Germany's private short-term creditors is probably as good a solution as could have been reached under the circumstances. The agreement, to be effective for

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one year, provides machinery for the conversion of short-term obligations, at the option of the creditor, into ten-year notes bearing interest at 6 per cent, and offers inducements to creditors to make such a conversion. With the existing uncertainty it was found undesirable to provide for any repayment of the short-term debt in fixed amounts at fixed intervals; the plan, therefore, is a flexible one, and the amount and times of repayment are to be subject to the decision of a committee. One significant feature of the report is its emphasis on the fact that Germany has already made the stupendous repayment of 5,000,000,000 marks since the autumn of 1930, an amount equal to nearly half the original short-term debt. But the terms of the agreement emphasize its own stop-gap nature. The all-important thing, as the creditors' committee insists, is to restore a basis for credit in Germany, which cannot be done without a final settlement of the reparations problem and of the inter-Allied debts which are intimately connected with it.

COMMUNIST DISTURBANCES appear to be gaining in number and in force. We shall doubtless see more of them as the depression wears on. Some of these outbreaks are obviously directed by the Communists; others have been spontaneous in nature, popular revolts against the hardships of the world-wide panic, which have, of course, played directly into the hands of the radicals. There is no proof that the British naval mutiny of last September was of Communist inspiration, though the radicals were quick to jump at the opportunity to make capital of the disaffection thus revealed. The Chilean naval mutiny which took place at about the same time was, however, openly and frankly led by the left. Since then Bolshevik agitators have conducted what for their purposes have been successful popular demonstrations in other South American countries, notably Peru. More recently the Communists, together with the anarchists and radical syndicalists, have induced great numbers of Spanish workers to join in the direct-action campaign against the newly established republic. The Spanish authorities have turned from promises to bullets in their efforts to quiet the working people. Getting closer to home, the Communists have taken advantage of the confusion in El Salvador that followed the overthrow of the government by a military clique. When it was learned that the Communists had taken several towns, the United States, British, and Canadian governments, realizing the danger to themselves, hurriedly dispatched warships to El Salvador. However, it may be doubted whether this universal unrest can be put down with bullets, or with anything less than world-wide economic recovery.

AN APPARENTLY FRIENDLESS NEGRO, Euel Lee, otherwise known as Orphan Jones, has been convicted in Towson, Maryland, on a charge of having murdered a farmer and his family. However we may regard the verdict itself, it must be said that the trial was conducted under circumstances far different from those which at one time threatened to make Lee another victim of Southern mob justice. The crime was committed in Worcester County on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Lee was arrested and charged with the murder, but so intense was the feeling against him that the county officials feared to keep him in the local jail. He was removed to Baltimore, then to Cambridge, also on the Eastern Shore, only to be returned later to Baltimore. Meanwhile the people of the Eastern Shore clamored for what they called justice. In the midst of the furor another Negro was lynched in Worcester County, and this increased the agitation among the people. The Maryland Court of Appeals ruled that Lee could be tried on the Eastern Shore, but added in unmistakable language that the court in which he was tried and the authorities of the community would be held strictly responsible for any miscarriage of justice. Eventually, with the help of some of the more sober-minded residents of Worcester County, the State authorities succeeded in having the case transferred to Towson, a small town near Baltimore, where the trial was held in a quiet, dispassionate atmosphere.

FULLY ONE THOUSAND musicians are facing destitution in the city of New York, less than two and one-half years after the great stock-market crash, and a trifle less than two years after Herbert Hoover so confidently informed the American people, on March 8, 1930, that the unemployment was only a little more than seasonal, and that both unemployment and the depression would be a thing of the past in two months, that is, in May, 1930. A fund of $300,000 is being raised to tide over these musicians—a pitifully small sum, particularly when one remembers the fact that many of them are musicians of the first rank, with corresponding responsibilities. Yet this is only one aspect of the injury that the depression has done to us on the cultural side. Who can measure the blow to education—the studios of these musicians who are also teachers are reported entirely empty—in various directions, or estimate the number of young people whose plans for a liberal education have had to be abandoned? Everywhere the story is the same. With half the theaters in New York City closed, as compared with a year ago, there are hordes of actors and actresses without the possibility of earning a cent. There are teachers who look in vain for places, while doctors and dentists and many lawyers, too, find themselves unable to obtain payment for services rendered to perfectly honest people who are eager to pay their debts but cannot. What a terrible responsibility those persons bear who put the United States into the World War, thereby placed in jeopardy the American Republic, and were shortsighted enough to believe in 1918 that they had won a victory!

LYTTON STRACHEY is dead at the age of fifty-two after an attack of paratyphoid fever. Never a prolific writer, his fame will rest upon three or possibly four books, but it appears about as secure as that of any contemporary. History will certainly remember him as the inventor of "the new biography," but it will probably conclude also that no one of his followers achieved any studies quite so finished, so balanced, and so perfect in their own way as his. Mr. Strachey was a cousin of St. Loe Strachey, for many years editor of the *Spectator*, and was himself essentially a bookish man, but he was also a picturesque personality and the wit which his bookishness enabled him to distil was very different from what is popularly associated with pedantry. We shall probably devote an essay to him in an early number of *The Nation*. For the present we can only express our regret over the removal of one of the most uniformly delightful of contemporary writers.

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Nearing the Abyss

LET no one blink the facts. The European situation, and therefore the American situation, gets steadily worse. More than ever it seems that because of the incapacity of the present governments the world is approaching destruction. To what other conclusion can one come when one reads within a couple of days the news that the Lausanne conference has been indefinitely postponed; that Premier Laval seeks to evade the reparations and debts issue by postponing the consideration of this subject until after the French and American elections; that France, according to the Premier's announcement, will not yield an iota in her stand against disarmament without security; that Edouard Herriot violently assails, not only the Germans, but the United States for keeping itself aloof and not accepting a guaranty pact; that there is a break in the British Cabinet which compromises its action; and that the United States, in the form of an official memorandum, actually goes so far as to forbid the debtor nations to form a united front to present their case to us? Of the impudence of this last we shall have something to say later. As to the general situation, we can only point out that all this is wasting time when there is not a moment to be lost. Can anyone question the reasonableness of the comment of the London *News-Chronicle* that "unless some method is speedily devised to wind up definitely and finally the reparations liabilities, Europe will drift from the present confusion to absolute catastrophe"? Of this there are daily signs. There is not only the critical financial situation of Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Greece, but the unemployment in Germany has risen to the unprecedented figure of 5,966,000 (an increase of 300,000 in two weeks), while the belief grows that Germany cannot much longer remain upon the gold standard.

Now if these facts, and many more, and the realization that the Hoover moratorium has only five more months to run cannot induce the politicians of Europe and the United States to handle the situation as sensible business men would, what can bring them to their senses? As things stand, it appears as if the French were determined to make the success of the Geneva disarmament conference impossible. At the same time, neither the English nor the French statesmen have made any definite plan, nor agreed upon any policy for the Lausanne conference, when that gathering finally meets, if ever. Yet it was on December 25 last that Ramsay MacDonald dramatically declared: "The British Government is perfectly ready—ready to meet at once. For God's sake, let us meet at once!" We have already seen a serious rift in his own Cabinet upon the tariff issue, which prevented his Foreign Minister from going to Paris to begin over again the weary round of conversations with the French. Is it any wonder that public sentiment in England looks toward an abandonment of all further interest in the attitudes of the United States and France, and favors devoting all the energies of the country toward developing the Empire by itself? Similarly in the United States the prevailing note is that we must write off all our bad debts, withdraw absolutely from Europe and from participation in every conference, and devote ourselves to carrying on as best we may with as little association with the rest of the world as is humanly possible.

That way, of course, lies destruction. How often must it be said that the world is so interrelated that there can be no possibility of any one country working out of the depression without international cooperation? What we are witnessing is the paralysis of statesmanship abroad. To this we are contributing to the very best of our ability. The day after Walter Lippmann truthfully wrote that there was only one course for Europe which offered any hope, "that is to face the problem in Europe on the principle of European solidarity," we read Mr. Stimson's incredible notice to this same Europe that "the United States Government would look with displeasure on the formation of a united front by the debtor nations." This, it appears, was sent to Europe at the beginning of the year. It was enough in itself to paralyze every effort to bring the European nations to a wise agreement on tariffs, disarmament, reparations, joint action in the matter of currencies, and the gold standard. We cannot conceive of any greater effrontery or stupidity. It is dictation by the United States in a particularly offensive way, and it is bound to increase in all Europe the existing feeling of hostility to our government. As if this were not enough, we have Congress on record that it refuses to consider the reopening of the debt question or an extension of the moratorium.

Next, we have the reiteration of our stupid assertion that there is no connection between debts and reparations, just as if under the Young Plan reparations payments were not intimately related to the debt payments to America, and as if reductions in war-debt payments to the United States would not be passed on to Germany in the form of reduced demands for reparations; just as if Washington did not know that the instant Germany ceases payments to the Allies, the Allies will not pay us. Washington sits back and says every day that "the initiative must come from Europe in any further discussion of reparations and debts," and proceeds to make that initiative just as difficult as possible by forbidding a round-robin to the United States. This is utter folly. Apparently nothing can bring these alleged statesmen to their senses—not the plain evidence of the approaching bankruptcy of Europe, not the Communist uprising in Spain, not the Japanese aggression in Manchuria, not the revolt in India. Must it be said again that those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad? We can at least be grateful to the German Reich that the Chancellor has demanded a final decision on reparations prior to July 1. Until that question is definitely settled, none of the other great economic questions now pressing for solution can be settled. If there is not a show-down by then, it will doubtless be too late. The world cannot drift indefinitely. Every hour brings us nearer to the point where in several countries tortured humanity will rise and seek to smash everything in the hope that a new system of government, or no government at all, will bring them some relief from the terrible suffering and misery of the present situation. Into this the statesmen have got us; out of it they seem unable to find a road.

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Doles for Industry

SOME organization to carry out the principal aims of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was indispensable in the present crisis, and President Hoover and Congress deserve praise for their recognition of this need and their promptness in meeting it. That the new corporation will be an ideal instrument for its purpose, however, can hardly be contended. It will be similar in its main outlines to the War Finance Corporation, with a capital of $500,000,000 subscribed by the government. It is to have power to issue bonds and other obligations up to $1,500,000,000 and to make loans from the proceeds. These loans may be made to farmers, to railroads, and to banks and other financial institutions. They may be made at any time during the next year, and the President may, if he wishes, extend this time for another year. No loan may be made for more than a three-year term, though it may be renewed, if necessary, for two years more. The corporation itself will have a life not longer than ten years, and may be dissolved sooner. It is to be managed by a board of directors of seven members, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury (or the Undersecretary), the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the Farm Loan Commissioner, and four other persons, of whom General Dawes has already been named.

The primary purpose of a corporation of this kind must be to promote general confidence, and government loans to help individual enterprises or to protect individual creditors can be justified only so far as they tend to achieve this end. This is perhaps another way of saying that the principal help should be extended to needy banks rather than to other forms of enterprise. From this point of view the corporation is authorized to make too many different kinds of loans. The act wisely provides that no loans are to be made for the purpose of initiating any enterprise, but unwisely excepts agricultural loans from this provision. It allocates $200,000,000 of the funds of the corporation for loans direct to farmers, and though it provides that other loans shall be "fully and adequately secured," its only provision regarding these loans to farmers is that "a first lien on all crops growing, or to be planted and grown, shall, in the discretion of the Secretary of Agriculture, be deemed sufficient security for such loan or advance." When one adds up all the existing agencies for loans, direct or indirect, to the farmer, apart from his local bank, such as federal land banks (the capital of which is to be increased $125,000,000), joint-stock land banks, federal intermediate credit banks, agricultural credit corporations, live-stock credit corporations (all of which may borrow in turn from the new corporation), not to speak of the well-known Farm Board, the need for these additional loans direct to the farmer is very dubious—particularly when one of his greatest difficulties already is his burden of debt. The corporation's proportion of losses under this head may be expected to be very heavy.

The chief reason for authorizing such loans seems political. Another purely political provision is that forbidding the corporation to make loans upon foreign securities or foreign acceptances. What this means, in effect, is that if a bank happens to hold Chicago and Eastern Illinois 5 per cent bonds, selling at about 16, or St. Louis and San Francisco 4½'s, selling at 25, the corporation will lend against them; but it will not lend against British Government bonds selling at 93, or French Government bonds selling at 110. This, of course, will make not the slightest difference to the European governments involved; the bonds have already been sold; but inability to borrow against such bonds might embarrass the banks that happen to have large holdings of them.

The Nation has already expressed the view that it would have been better to make all railroad loans directly through the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to make the banking loans through a separate banking corporation. This corporation or discount bank, moreover, could have issued emergency currency directly against the sound assets of banks (repeating the successful expedient of the Aldrich-Vreeland currency notes in 1914) instead of being forced to float huge bond issues.

The effect of the new corporation will depend to a very large extent upon the wisdom with which it is administered. There is no reason, on the one hand, why it should lend to borrowers who are able to find accommodation at reasonable rates from private sources; this would merely take business away from the commercial banks and would not help the general situation. On the other hand, it should not make any loans to institutions that are clearly insolvent—except, of course, when receivership already exists, in which case loans may be made against sound assets. The corporation's main function must be to help railroads, banks, and other institutions over difficulties that seem likely to be temporary. This means that the great part of its loans will be, so to speak, "twilight-zone" loans so far as safety is concerned; the taxpayer must expect a certain proportion of losses. Apart from the question of safety, the corporation should certainly not make loans to any bank or farm organization for the purpose of keeping either goods or securities indefinitely off the market. If it does not wish to repeat the folly of the Farm Board, it should insist on at least a gradual and orderly liquidation. It must not be made the instrument for holding up any industry's prices artificially, with the customary result of leaving the taxpayer to hold the bag. If these safeguards are taken, and if the funds of the corporation are not dissipated in utterly worthless loans—which would merely postpone the day of reckoning and make it much worse when it comes—then the corporation will act as a useful stimulant to confidence, though it cannot be the cure-all that so much recent Wall Street and Washington comment has implied.

A final word must be said of the corporation as a part of Mr. Hoover's policy. It is essentially a palliative, not a cure. It deals with the results of the depression and not with its causes. It puts all hands to the pumps to bail out the ship, but it does nothing to repair the leaks. Not until Mr. Hoover and Congress see the need for a lower tariff, and for a cancelation or at least a drastic reduction of the war debts—not, in brief, until they turn to the very things that they seem most determined to ignore—will they do anything to combat the present crisis at its source.

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Improper Guardianship

THE tale of federal-government exploitation of the American Indians is well enough known in its general aspects. But too often certain phases of it escape attention. Specifically, therefore, the Pueblo lands bill, already introduced in Congress and probably to be considered this session, is worthy of the warmest championship by every possible agency. The bill, seeking as it does to make partial restitution to the Pueblo tribes for land of which they were unjustly deprived, should be passed even though, in a year of business depression, it demands three-quarters of a million dollars of federal funds. First, because it will settle once and for all the vexed question of land titles in that section of New Mexico, where land litigation has been going on for nearly a hundred years; secondly, because it will do justice to the Indians and restore to them compensation of which, by decision of the Pueblo Lands Board, they were unhappily deprived. By the terms of the Pueblo Lands Act of 1924 it was decided to compensate the Indians for land title to which had been transferred to whites, and to compensate white settlers who had been put off Indian lands. Appraisers were selected to determine the amount of the compensation; their findings set a total of $1,892,878. But the Pueblo Lands Board, ignoring these findings—although it had chosen the appraisers—cut the compensation to about $560,000. The pending bill allows the Pueblos an additional $750,000.

The claim is entirely just, even modest, considering the value of the lands in question. But since it implies at least bad judgment on the part of the government agency which reduced the appraised values, it will be bitterly fought by the champions of the Pueblo Lands Board and of H. J. Hagerman, one of the board members. The Senate Committee on Indian Affairs is sponsoring the bill.

Less promising is the situation of the Apache Indians on the Mescalero Reservation of New Mexico. Here also the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which Senator Frazier is chairman, has issued a report. Briefly it tells a tale of heartless bureau exploitation. The Indian bureau which has charge of the reservation is supported by funds derived from the profits of Indian lands; the Indians themselves are in a state of privation and suffering; the bureau waxes fat and enjoys full and plenteous life. In 1930 the per capita expenditure by the bureau for every Indian living on the reservation was $306. Senator Frazier's report declares: "If government in all its branches, national and local, were supported as lavishly, on a per capita basis, as is the Indian agency on the Mescalero Reservation, the tax fund would total more than $36,000,000,000, or more than a third of the aggregate national income." It is worth adding that on reservations supported largely or wholly by government grant the per capita cost of operation ranges from around $25 to something under $50; that in the case of a number of them these amounts purchase efficient and humane service. As for the Mescalero expenditures, again to quote Senator Frazier's report: "The Indians' timber is being squandered on a lot of high-priced employees while the Indians are going without sufficient food and clothing." Robbing government wards of food and shelter to keep bureaucrats at work on fat salaries is not far short of the apex of meanness.

Paul M. Warburg

IT is related of Paul M. Warburg that shortly before the beginning of his fatal illness he said, "I have studied finance and economics and international trade all my life, and now, after these recent events, I have come to the conclusion that I know nothing whatever about any of them." We do not know whether the story is true or not, but it would be quite characteristic of the singularly modest, exceptionally able, and really learned man, whose intellectual equipment for his profession as financier and banker was probably not equaled by that of anyone else in America. Paul Warburg was the descendant of bankers who, for nearly two hundred years, have devoted themselves to the science of banking in Hamburg, where the house of Warburg continues with unsurpassed prestige. More than that, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the difficult subjects with which by choice he associated himself. His removal to the United States brought about no change in the seriousness of his purposes or in his determination to keep himself abreast of every financial and economic development. It did, however, make of him a most loyal and devoted American.

It was soon after his arrival in this country that he became aware of the painful deficiencies and weaknesses of our banking world, and single-handed set himself to the task of convincing the members of his own profession, the editors of the country, and the intelligent public of the necessity of the central-banking system, which resulted, finally, in the establishment of the Federal Reserve banks. His loyalty to the land of his adoption, and his distinguished service as one of the original members of the Federal Reserve Board did not save Mr. Warburg from being the subject of suspicion and hostility during the World War, because of his German origin. It is to Woodrow Wilson's lasting discredit that he permitted Mr. Warburg to retire to private life when the latter's term expired in the middle of the war, less, in our judgment, because of Mr. Warburg's former German affiliations than because of the jealousy of certain men in high office who were his inferiors. So Mr. Warburg returned to New York and undertook the formation of the International Acceptance Bank. Not even here was this admirable character safe from partisan political attack by some of the demagogues in Congress; fortunately it was not within their power, as was said once by a distinguished French statesman of his enemies, to climb up to the lowest level of his contempt.

No one in a similarly influential position excelled Mr. Warburg in his feeling of responsibility to the public. Never was there a man who recognized more keenly the principle that wealth, like nobility, obliges. His generosity was without stint; his philanthropy ranged all over the world, and it was always intelligent, constructive, and farsighted. A patron of the arts, he never ceased to do what he could to advance the cultural development of the United States. There is hardly an office in this country which he could not have filled with distinction. As it was, his modesty made him shun proffered public contacts for which many another would have sought in vain. A leader among American Jews, it can truthfully be said of him that he set for his race in America an unsurpassable example of public service.

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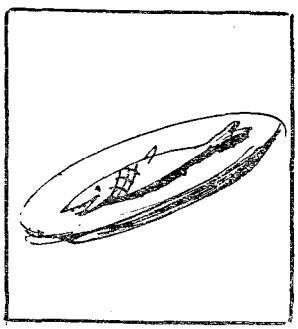
Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



"EIN feste Burg ist unser"—Waldorf. With the proud elegance of a set of Mr. Woolworth's most elegant pepper and salt shakers, the towers of St. Nip and St. Tuck rear their shining domes toward heaven, and downstairs a small army of New York's Best proclaims the fact that the cohorts of "Mother, Home, and Heaven" are about to save the Republic for the ninety-thousand-eight-hundred-and-seventy-fifth time since it was founded by a group of radicals, half of them foreign-born, who in their desire to upset the existing form of government by "violence" had not hesitated to accept the military assistance and the pecuniary support of at least four different foreign nations.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser"—Waldorf. Those who believe in the second coming of Christ had had their meeting in the morning. Those who believe in the second coming of George Washington were entitled to a little whoopee of their own in the evening. Telegrams were read from everybody, including the president of the defunct American Federation of Labor. I missed one from Calvin Coolidge. Perhaps that "Leader *ohne Worte*" is a cleverer politician than we have sometimes thought. If he is going to make a fool of himself, at least he is not going to do it in public.

I don't know why I should have drifted into that place. Perhaps it was the desire to see a dear old classmate who certainly has gone far in the world. Well, he had not changed much. Perhaps it was the desire to come once more face to face with the same type of men and women who had talked so charmingly over the teacups of St. Petersburg and Moscow in the years 1906 and 1907, and who had been so hopelessly, so pathetically unaware of the changes that were taking place all around them that they had finally destroyed their country's civilization through the sheer heavy weight of their own crass ignorance.

Perhaps it was the unholy and un-Christian wish to see all those good and honest patriots being forced to stand up and sit down and sing and applaud at the instigation of a highly industrious citizen of foreign extraction who would desert their holy cause at a moment's notice.

Alas, all the meddling and all the side-taking in foreign affairs of which these honest and well-intentioned patriots and patriotesses have been guilty ever since the beginning of the Great War have bestowed a very doubtful blessing upon us, of which the Republic had before been entirely free. I refer to the *agent-provocateur*. Was that the snake of whom General Harbord spoke in his opening words—words that showed that the gallant General was a pretty poor naturalist, for otherwise he would have known what our farmers think of people who kill harmless and useful snakes "by instinct"? I have good reason to doubt it. Those Daughters and Sons and Granddaughters of the profiteers who let the dear boys at Valley Forge starve because they preferred reliable English sovereigns to the doubtful American paper currency are a heaven-sent prey for all former Muscovite doorkeepers and imperial flunkeys.

As I sat there I wondered where that great Gaelic chieftain was, who has panhandled these parts so successfully ever since the exigencies of the Great War forced him to give up his estates among the highlands of Caledonia and move to the sympathetic shores of the New World.

Those good people, then and there, were just about as sad a sight as I have seen since the afternoon some four years ago when I was invited to attend a tea in a stuffy old house not far from the rue de Rennes, and was obliged to sit on a little golden chair with one leg very precarious and listen to an amiable abbé who was explaining to his delighted audience that France would have a king in another six months.

After all, "Ein jedes Tierchen hat sein eigenes Pläsierchen." If 3,000 people want to spend an evening that way, that is none of my business and I don't have to join them if I don't want to. If 3,000 other people want to listen to Ham Fish, who tells them that "we will emerge from this depression within the next year," and are eager to applaud him for his courageous utterance, well, why not? Right across the street 3,000 other people go wild with enthusiasm when they are told that in January, 1933, all the proletarians of the world will have strawberries with cream for breakfast every morning. And still others go and listen to Bishop Manning assuring them that faith will move deficits. It is all in the day's work and the more nonsense the merrier.

But being by nature and inclination a fervent anti-Communist, I wish to high heaven that Mr. Fish and his little playmates would go in for bridge or backgammon or sin; in short, would find some other way to burn up their surplus energy. What they are doing now is merely to play the game of Moscow a little more successfully than anybody else. They are straining every muscle of body and soul to make Stalin victorious. They are setting themselves up as the most ardent apostles of the nefarious Marxian creed. For they are giving their own show away. They are revealing to the rest of the world just exactly how childish and foolish that "world on top" is which has governed us for all these many years.

Dear Ham, this was a respectable little Dutch city once upon a time and I should hate like the devil to see it become a smelly proletarian paradise. Please stop making speeches. Another five years of that sort of thing and you and your friends will have converted everybody in the whole country to the doctrines of the late and sainted Lenin. Or if you have to listen to your own rhetoric, why not deliver your orations in Congress? There at least they won't do any harm. For nobody will listen.

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"We Are All Bolsheviks"

By LOUIS FISCHER

Baku, December, 1931

BAKU means "city of winds." I arrived on a day when a gale from the Caspian was raising the roofs off the houses. The next day was like spring. "Baku," Chicherin once said, "is a finger pointing to Asia." The foreign commissar had his eye on the shape of the narrow Apsheron peninsula, and also on its political significance. The finger is slightly bent and seems to beckon, rather than merely point, to Asia. What happens in Baku arouses the interest of the entire Turanian East. The echo of social, political, and cultural events in Baku reaches Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan, parts of China, and even the Arabic world. The Bolsheviks know this well. The First Congress of Eastern Peoples, at which Zinoviev summoned Islam to a holy war against imperialism, was appropriately held in Baku, in 1920.

Baku is the capital of the autonomous Soviet republic of Azerbaijan. The inhabitants of this little state are a cross between Tartar and Turkoman. The Russians call them Tiurks. Their language is cognate to Turkish. Persian influence also appears. Baku is Shiite. Its village hinterland is Sunnite. Is? Perhaps "was" would be more correct. Most of the mosques in the city are closed. In 1924, when I first visited Azerbaijan, *Shaki-wakhsi,* that wild Mohammedan dance which consists of mutual ecstatic mutilation with swords and whips, had been proscribed. But the followers of the prophet worshiped undeterred. Though the Bolsheviks were smashing Greek orthodoxy, Islam still escaped. Political expediency determined policy. Three years later I watched communism's first wary steps against Allah. Today the floodgates of atheism are wide open.

In Azerbaijan a nationality has been born, and the little child may lead Asia. The East was its mother; Revolution its father. Bolshevism acted the midwife, and is now beginning to serve as kindergartner. The lad learns quickly. I have seen him at his studies.

The Baku Pedagogical Institute. A cold, dirty, noisy building in the heart of Baku. In the spacious library students worked quietly and diligently. I asked to see books in the new Latin alphabet. The old arabesque-like cursive script has practically disappeared. Printing-shops have discarded it though Bolshevik Tiurks confessed that they still used the Arabic A B C in personal correspondence. The new alphabet is easy to learn. After it was introduced, the literate population jumped from 11 per cent of the total in 1921 to 31.4 per cent in 1931. On the library shelves I saw physics, chemistry, and mathematics textbooks in Latin type and Tiurkish language. But Marx has not yet been transliterated and translated. There were four volumes of Lenin; Russian has twenty-seven. I found Stalin's "Questions of Leninism," Upton Sinclair's "One Hundred Per Cent," Turgenev's "Rudin," in fact, many Russian classics and a few volumes of new Soviet literature. Very few Western European books and comparatively little modern Russian *belles-lettres,* however, are available in Latin-Tiurkish.

I watch a class of future village teachers. Most of the students are fresh from a countryside only recently released from feudalism. They and the teacher are Tiurks. I obtain permission to interrogate the class. Very few can speak Russian, and those who do, butcher it. I ask: "Does not concentration on Tiurkish as a language of instruction cut you off from the rest of the Soviet Union? Will it not be difficult for a physician, say, who has mastered medicine in Tiurkish to practice it anywhere except in Azerbaijan? Does it not limit your horizon and stimulate a nationalism which is separatist?"

They are just learning to think. In Tiurkish, nevertheless, they are eloquent. "Stalin," they all tell me, "has declared that the form of culture may be national while the content is socialistic." Only when we get down to an interpretation of this formula, do their minds begin to work. "Every ethnic unit," they say, "must have its own language and culture. We are to teach illiterates and poor peasants. We must know their language. We also study Russian—one hour a day. We want to have contact with the rest of the Union. Of course we lack sufficient printed matter in Tiurkish."

"Will not ignorance of Russian," I ask, "establish a bond between you and other Turanian lands rather than one with Russia?"

They point a Marxian gun at me. "Turkey, Persia, and other Turanian countries are bourgeois. Class interests connect us with Russia. Marx said, 'Proletarians of all countries, unite.' What if we cannot speak German or French? Our common economic aims and our membership in the same class make us brothers."

I precipitate a discussion of pan-Turanianism, and mention Enver Pasha. "It is a bourgeois movement," I hear, "by means of which the ruling classes stimulate patriotism and mislead the oppressed masses." By this time the three girls in a class of twenty-five have warmed to the issue and are participating animatedly in the debate. "Very well," I say, "you maintain that class is all-important. The proletariat must bridge the chasm of race and unite with the workers of all other nationalities. That is your education; books tell you that. But what about biology, feelings? Can you overcome the traditional Tiurkish hate for the Armenian, for instance?" (Before the revolution the Tiurks periodically massacred the Armenians in Baku, and periodically the Armenians massacred the Tiurks.)

I get categorical replies. The students contend that there is now a great deal of intermarriage, first between Russians and Jews on the one hand and Tiurks on the other —the three sisters of Barinov, Russian president of the Baku Oil Trust, for instance, have Tiurk husbands—and of late between Armenians and Tiurks. One young man says he has an Armenian wife.

Propagandists' School. Accompanied by a member of the Collegium of the Azerbaijan Commissariat of Education, a Tiurk, and by the Tiurkish director of the Baku

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Training School for Party Agitators, I go from class to class. These men and women will soon be Communist Party secretaries in villages or factories, or party organizers and propagandists. They are all Young Communists *(Komsomols)* and all Tiurks. I cross-examine one group for an hour and a half. I provoke them consciously. I want to see how much bolshevism these new Soviet intellectuals of a backward race have assimilated. Twenty students, among them six women, are seated around the sides of a room at old-fashioned slant-top desks. Everybody wears an overcoat. The women wear shawls around their heads. "Are you all against capitalism?" I begin.

"All."

"Weren't you too young to understand anything when capitalism still existed here? How do you know it is bad?"

"Capitalism means exploitation, unemployment."

"Yet three years ago you had considerable unemployment in the U. S. S. R. and America relatively little."

"Capitalism," they insist, "exposes the workers to the permanent threat of crises."

"Is this the last crisis of capitalism?"

Some say no, some yes. The crisis will end in war or revolution.

"But how can there be a revolution in America, for instance, when the Communist Party has only 15,000 members? Incidentally, can you explain why the party is so small when America has 10,000,000 unemployed?"

"The crisis will last long," is the synthetic reply. "The standard of living will drop. The workers will lose hope. They will then flock to the party. The American capitalist class encourages hatred between whites and blacks and between the skilled and unskilled in order to prevent proletarian unity. It will come, however."

I see that I am not getting far with this question, so I proceed. "You contend that capitalism is collapsing. The system is weak. How is it, then, that when the Soviet Government needs good machines it buys them from the foreign bourgeoisie? When a woman yearns for something fine to wear, she thinks of imported silk stockings and jersey jumpers from Germany. My suit is probably better than yours because it comes from abroad. Is that proof that capitalism is on its last legs?"

The first answer is from a girl. "The Five-Year Plan will put this country ahead industrially," she declares. "Then we too will produce quality commodities."

I agree, but that does not answer my question.

A young man: "We are just beginning to come out into the world. Whatever we wear, it is better than we or the like of us owned before the revolution."

I demand a more direct reply.

"Yes," one student ventures, "capitalism manufactures these goods, but who benefits? They are not for the masses."

I explain again: "How can you believe in the imminent fall of capitalism when it is still in a position to turn out objects which the Soviets covet and imitate?"

Finally the chap delivers an oration. "Will you tell us," he perorates, "why, though America can produce so well, she nevertheless has misery, wholesale unemployment, and widespread suffering? It is these social by-products of capitalism, and not these material goods-products, which are a measure of its strength and weakness." The class applauds.

I ask another: "When the Soviet Government places orders abroad it helps to solve capitalist problems. It relieves some unemployment. How is it that the Bolsheviks engage in such counter-revolutionary activity? I was under the impression that Moscow aimed to undermine capitalism."

"The Soviet Government," an eager young Tiurk asserted, "is taking as much as it can get from the bourgeoisie. It is buying from it the means of building up heavy industry so that next year or in the next *Piatiletka* we shall not be so dependent on foreign countries."

"But if you understand this, doesn't capitalism? Why, then, does the bourgeoisie help you build socialism?"

"Because capitalism has no plan. Firms compete with one another. They want a profit and take it wherever they can get it."

"And I had always thought that capitalists were class-conscious."

"They are. Nevertheless, their interest in their purse is greater than in their class."

I shift to another subject, the last. "Abroad they say there is no liberty in the Soviet Union. Is that true?"

A girl declares: "We have freedom to study. We did not have it before. We enjoy national autonomy in Azerbaijan, as do all nationalities in the U. S. S. R."

"Yes, but is there freedom of expression?"

"We have Soviet elections. Our newspapers are full of self-criticism."

"Now listen. Is there a bourgeoisie in Russia?"

"A sorry remnant," and all laugh.

"Are there kulaks?"

"Indeed, there are."

"Then why doesn't the bourgeoisie have its societies and meetings? Why can't the kulaks have their newspapers?" I saw smiles on many faces. Really, such questions sound queer in this country. A young woman with fiery eyes who had remained silent all the time raises her hand and offers to reply.

"This is a dictatorship of the proletariat," she says. "The workers and the peasants have liberty. We do not grant freedom to our enemies."

"Nevertheless," I interrupt, "capitalist countries permit foreign Communist parties to exist and to publish their organs."

"Because they are afraid to suppress them," she retorts. "They know the proletariat will protest."

Women's Ali Bairamov Club. A former millionaire's mansion. This institution is known throughout the East. It takes women who are illiterate or semi-illiterate and gives them first a general education (I saw arithmetic, geography, and elementary-physics groups), and then teaches them political science and the elements of a trade—typing, clerking, and the like. All free of charge. There is a *crèche* where they may leave their children during the study hours. The girls and women are for the most part wives or grown-up daughters of workers, government officials, artisans, ex-merchants, all of them non-Communist, usually housewives. I go from class to class. These women would have been harem slaves but for the revolution. Not a few are ravishing beauties with long arched eyebrows, long curled lashes, olive complexions, and big piercing eyes. They all wear scarves of Oriental coloring around their heads and shoulders, but none

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are veiled. Yet this scarf could serve as well. I notice that some girls occasionally cover their mouths with this draping.

Many of them speak Russian. They are city people. The male teacher is explaining Stalin's recent speech on industrial and labor reforms. At an appropriate moment I am granted a question period. Here, if anywhere, it seems, the family must have received a jolt from the revolution. "Do not the new Soviet laws," I ask, "the dropping of the veil, the abolition of harems, weaken the family?"

No response. Apparently, nobody has ever heard of the argument so common abroad. Some women make groping attempts at a reply. "Girls don't marry as young as they used to," I am told. "Even in the villages girls below sixteen, and in the cities below eighteen, are not permitted to marry. Before we had child marriage."

"Are there many divorces?"

"Yes, many."

I return to my original query. I say: "Parents now have less influence. The mosque has lost its power. Girls aren't given away in marriage any more. Doesn't this undermine the family as an institution?" It does not go over. I decide to try again in another classroom.

"Tell me," I demand of the second group, "what the Soviet regime gave you. Would you be better or worse off had there been no revolution?" I hear one Tiurkish word, one of the three I understand: "Worse." "Why?"

"The revolution gave us freedom. We can study. We do not have to wear the *chadra* [veil]."

It would be a pity indeed if some of these pretty faces were hidden. I ask: "How many of your mothers are literate?" Not one hand goes up. I cannot believe it. "None of your mothers can read or write in any language?"

"No, no, no."

"How many of you never wore veils?" Five hands rise. I count the number of girls and women in the room. Thirty-one. "How many discarded the veil after you commenced your studies in this club?" About half a dozen. There seems to be something wrong. The students are arguing with one another in Tiurkish. Now an interesting secret emerges. Fathers and husbands often object to the exposed face. Many girls wear the veil at home or even in the street and only lift it when they enter the clubhouse. The club does not permit them to veil themselves. The girls all assert, however, that none of them are convinced wearers of the veil. They veil to avoid trouble in the family.

"How many go to mosque?" Laughter.

"Mosques?" one woman exclaims. "Are there any open?"

An Evening at the Opera. Opera in the Tiurkish language. There are very few. "Carmen" is being translated. Tonight they play "Shah Ismail," an old, pre-war production adapted from the Persian and somewhat changed to suit the present. An emir's daughter kills her father because he will not allow her to marry the shah's son whom she loves and who loves her. This is the only "revolutionary" thread. It certainly is not proletarian literature, and it would be impossible in Moscow. The plot revolves around the shah, who dreams one night that his son will dethrone him and accordingly sends him to the battlefront. The hero is the fat, pudgy prince who sings in the typical falsetto wail-tone of the Arabs. He is applauded whenever he appears. For him the orchestra of Western instruments does not play. One musician accompanies him on a *tar,* a pearl-inset fiddle shaped like a gourd out of which has grown half a grapefruit. This the audience understands and loves. I had heard such music before in Cairo, in Jerusalem, in Bokhara. This is, at bottom, an Eastern people with an Arab-Moslem culture.

The audience is terribly noisy. The conductor taps two minutes for silence, and begins before he gets it. A constant buzz fills the auditorium. Out of the old religious habit, many men wear their round, flat caps. There is about one woman to every ten men in the audience. A nationality learning to walk culturally. That is my impression of the evening.

An Interview with Bunjat-Zade. Premier Bunjat-Zade, chairman of the Azerbaijan Council of People's Commissars, a veteran Tiurk Bolshevik, with a mutilated face which makes him look cross-eyed when he shows you three-quarters of it and normal-eyed when he turns all of it, said: "Ignorance of Russian does tend to weaken the bond with the rest of the Union. It is unfortunate that we lack many books in the new Latin script. Without Russian, students are hampered in their development. We must correct this error. We have gone to the other extreme. The pan-Turanian movement is no longer a danger to us. Russification aided it. Czarist designs on the Dardanelles had the same effect. Our intelligentsia used to be under Turkish influence. Religion was the greatest factor in determining the relations of the Tiurks to Turkey. Now Russification is dead. We do not want the Straits. We have our own universities, sixteen of them in Baku where there was none before the revolution. Religion is fading. We bar literature from Turkey. Kemal Pasha has abolished the fez. Women are discarding the veil in Turkey. Religion in Turkey feels the impact of Soviet atheism. We have reversed a historic process. Formerly light came to us from Turkey. Now our cultural influence spreads to Turkey. Azerbaijan industry is expanding by leaps and bounds, and the number of workers mounts each month. They are the best bond with the Union. The monarchy retarded the economic development of the empire's periphery. It used us as colonies, taking our raw materials but stunting manufactures. The Leninist national policy, on the other hand, gives free rein to autonomous economic growth. No, we do not discriminate against other nationalities. Armenians, Russians, Jews, Persians—all have their separate schools in their national tongues. In the central government offices 50 per cent of the officials are Tiurk, 35 per cent Russian, and 15 per cent Turkish. Russians are coming from the north, and they are welcome because we need trained people of all kinds. We receive subsidies from Moscow and Tiflis. We are backward. We must make up for time lost before the revolution. We therefore need outside assistance. But what if we are dependent on Moscow? That means that we are dependent on ourselves. We have our own division officered by Tiurks, and our own police. Under czarism, all village administrators were Russians. Now all are Tiurks. We need materials from other parts of the Union. There are also Russian troops here, but it is not like a British army. It is not an occupational army. We are all one. We are all Bolsheviks. Autonomous nationalism is the shell. The kernel is socialism."

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The Disarmament Conference Meets*

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

IT is a mistake to speak of the disarmament conference as a single conference. It will be more nearly seven conferences rolled up in one. There will be conferences on land armament, naval armament, air armament, and chemical armament; conferences on the methods of limitation, on the problem of supervision, and on the political foundations underlying an arms-limitation agreement.

The conference will be the most panoramic, ambitious, and sweeping international congress ever attempted in history. There is nothing remotely comparable to it, and this is said with due regard for the magnitude of the Versailles conference in 1919, which was, to be sure, a vast affair, but restricted in scope. It did not include neutrals, enemies, or Soviets, and dealt with matters confined to a relatively limited geographical area. The present conference will involve not merely three nations or five nations, as have previous international assemblies on this subject, but fifty-two nations; not only members of the League or of the general community of Western Powers, but non-League members as well and Soviet Russia, with interests, needs, traditions, prejudices, and problems as conflicting and as varied as the society of nations can offer.

The query then arises: If it took three nations—the United States, Great Britain, and Japan—a decade to reach a mere stabilization accord on naval armaments, where the main factors of comparison are relatively simple, and that at a very high figure, what is going to happen with fifty-two nations trying to reach an agreement on seven broad lines at the General Conference? Without venturing a definite answer, it is sufficient to say that the task before the conference is one which cannot be solved in a single session or by a single agreement. It will be a recurrent conference, for whatever it accomplishes in this first session, much will be left undone. In the present state of political tension in Europe, it will not attempt to bite off too much. The feeling on the part of many foreign offices is to proceed by stages, and these necessarily must be spread over a long period of time. In this sense the disarmament conference must be regarded as the first universal step in arms limitation and reduction.

The delegates who will gather at Geneva will deliberate on the terms of reference set out in a skeleton-draft convention for the limitation and reduction of armaments. The draft is of a most preliminary sort, yet it took nearly four years of the Preparatory Commission's time to evolve it. The debates which ensued during the growth of this draft foreshadow the lines of policy which the nations will take at the conference.

Military Personnel. The armies, or land effectives as they are technically known, of nations are either professional, conscript, or a combination of both. The United States, Great Britain, and Germany are examples of nations which possess the professional type; France, Italy, Japan, Poland, and the Little Entente have conscript armies. The professional type is costly, and since it carries a long period of enlistment—three years in the United States, twelve years in Germany, and twelve years in Great Britain—it is said to be more efficient in proportion to its size than the conscript type. The latter consists of men who are called to the colors for a limited period of time and then pass on to civilian life as "trained reserves," subject to call for further service to keep in training or for active service in time of war. While those nations which are on the "professional" system maintain armies more or less fixed in number, a conscript system enables a country to build up a large reserve force.

The important question arises whether "trained reserves" should be included in estimating the military strength of a nation. It is natural that the governments with the professional type should want to count "trained reserves" in calculating that strength, as well as to limit their number. France and her conscriptionist allies have refused to yield and in fact have won a preliminary skirmish by persuading Great Britain to abandon her opposition. The United States, in principle, has stood for reckoning "trained reserves," but she too abandoned opposition because she felt the matter was of no immediate concern to her interests as a military Power. The issue of whether "trained reserves" are to be counted and limited in a nation's armed strength will arise to plague the conference, for Germany has given notice that she will sign no arms agreement which leaves other nations free to build up a military reserve while she herself remains bound to observe the disabilities imposed upon her in this respect by the Treaty of Versailles.

Land Armaments. The difficulty here arises over the method of limitation. Should land armaments be limited directly, that is, by enumeration—so many rifles, so many tanks, so many horses, so many guns—or should they be limited indirectly, that is, by fixing the amounts each nation is to spend? The limitation of land armaments will be more affected by European political considerations than will any other technical subject at the conference. Direct limitation stops competition in quantity, but it places a premium on quality. One need only illustrate this by citing the example of the Ersatz-Preussen type of cruiser. In spite of the direct limitation of armaments imposed upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, she has, nevertheless, by the ingenuity of her marine engineers, succeeded in setting afloat a 10,000-ton cruiser stronger than any other on the seas. Indirect limitation shifts the emphasis from quality to quantity. The most effective method is a combination of the direct and indirect.

The voting in the Preparatory Commission revealed that the United States was the only great Power opposed to budgetary limitation in any form. Russia, Germany, and Italy, while opposed to budgetary limitation alone, favored it in combination with direct limitation.

As for material in reserve, notwithstanding the fact that Article VIII of the League of Nations Covenant obliges all League members "to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military,

* A second article by Mr. Wainhouse, America's Role at the Conference, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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naval, and air programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes," France, Poland, Japan, the Little Entente, and several others have refused so far to honor this obligation. They say that to reveal their military stores would reveal their strength or weakness to the whole world, and this is militarily undesirable. Holland alone has revealed information concerning her military stores, and the United States is willing to exchange full and frank information even though she is not a member of the League. Those who are against publicity are so sensitive about the subject that they will attempt to keep it from reaching the conference. Yet it is a matter of vital concern, for if a nation's active material is limited and its reserve is not, limitation becomes nonsense.

Naval Armaments. The United States will endeavor to keep the naval Powers—Great Britain, particularly—from reopening the naval problem anew. She feels that the Washington and London treaties have settled this until 1936, when another naval conference is due to be held. The task at Geneva in February, the United States contends, will be to fit, as far as possible, the non-signatories into the framework of the London treaty, that is, to solve primarily the problem of Franco-Italian naval parity. The British government, however, has made it known that it will press for a reduction in the size of capital ships. If our professional sailors resist, the United States government will place itself in the position of being the lone defender of these costly floating fortresses.

Air Armaments. The problem of aerial armament will be one of the most perplexing in the conference. It arises because of the relation between civil and military aviation. All are agreed that in any limitation of air armaments it is essential to avoid hampering the development of civil aviation. The difficulty in divorcing the military from the civil may be seen from the purposes expressed in "The Fundamental Naval Policy of the United States": "to give every encouragement to civil aviation with a view to advancing the art and to providing aviators and aircraft-production facilities available for war." The laws of gravitation make no distinction between a bomb dropped from a commercial plane and one dropped from a military plane. Civil aircraft obviously should not be limited, yet a commercial plane is as potential a bomber as a military plane. The futility of the merely technical approach to the limitation of armaments is nowhere so apparent as in the matter of aerial armaments. A mere agreement on the size, number, and horse-power of military airplanes would amount to just a nibbling at the problem.

Chemical Armaments. A chemist once said that disarmament means no more military parades. He meant by that that chemical warfare and its vast potential use in future wars will displace "visible" armaments. Here is a branch of warfare which cannot possibly be reached directly by international agreement, because it is so closely interlocked with scientific development and industries of peace. Chlorine is used for bleaching, yet it is a potential weapon in itself and the mother of many others. The idea that any agreement can be drafted during peace times which will hold when nations are in the clutches of war hysteria, and which will force them to obey gentlemanly rules of conduct in refraining from the use of these weapons, is a chimera. In the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1930, page 126, we find this statement which is typical of war departments all over the world: "It would, moreover, be an extremely hazardous policy to rely on an international agreement as a complete protection against chemical attack. In a death struggle for existence, there would always be the danger that a nation in dire straits would resort to chemical weapons if it saw in that agency the means of escaping defeat and achieving victory."

The problem of finding a solution for chemical armaments, like that of air and other armaments, will not be solved so long as nations insist that they are the sole judges of the *raison d'être* of armaments.

The Problem of Supervision. The idea of supervising the kind and amount of armaments which a nation possesses is so novel to states afflicted with the sovereignty complex that it is astonishing that the Preparatory Commission should have succeeded in laying the foundation for the creation of a Permanent Disarmament Commission the duty of which will be to watch over the execution of the disarmament convention when and if it comes into force. That such a commission will be very necessary all states now agree. This is a matter of the highest importance, for it contemplates continuous supervision of the state of world armaments. The duties of the Permanent Commission will be to collect, collate, and disseminate information on armament and to follow the execution of the arms agreement. The commission is to hear complaints by any signatory of a violation of the treaty, to investigate, and to report its findings, for any violation of the provisions of the agreement is declared to be a matter of concern to all the contracting parties.

This is the most constructive proposal which the Preparatory Commission has evolved in its four years of deliberation. Armament is the highest manifestation of a nation's conceit, and a definite preliminary agreement to subject it to some form of control is revolutionary. It is a beginning in the right direction.

Political Issues. Difficult as are the technical problems, those on the political side present even graver difficulties. Politics arose at the Washington conference in 1921-22, at the London naval conference in 1930, and nothing short of a miracle can prevent it from arising at the General Disarmament Conference in 1932. In fact, France has already announced to the world the principles which will guide her armament delegation. They are set forth in a most elaborate memorandum to the League of Nations, issued on July 21, 1931, in a manner so clear and logical that there can be no mistaking her attitude. It constitutes the classic expression of the "security-school" thesis. To her, the conference affords the greatest opportunity for organizing peace in terms of security. If the nations of the world stand ready to offer each other pledges of mutual assistance in case of aggression, progress in the reduction of armaments is assured. But if the nations insist on transforming the conference into a class in arithmetic—a mere mechanical gun-for-gun pruning—France and her allies will keep what they have and even ask for more.

The problem of armaments can scarcely be touched without raising the fundamental question of the policy of states, for weapons exist to enable a nation to support its policies. These policies very often conflict with those of other states. It explains why every disarmament conference degenerates into an armament conference. Progress in the

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solution of the problem of armaments, therefore, demands the reconditioning of these conflicting interests of the different states.

A nation's insistence on security may be satisfied by piling up armaments which give it a superiority over its neighbors; or the desire for security may be satisfied with a positive assurance of international support in case of aggression. The first alternative contributed to the disaster of 1914. While nations in general are agreed that the limitation and reduction of armaments is a program for international reform, they are not agreed as to what organization, if any, they will build, instead of huge armaments, to give them this security against aggression. It is here that we reach the cleavage between the Latin way of organizing peace and the Anglo-Saxon.

The primary issue which will transcend all others at the conference will be whether the "organization of peace" is to proceed along the lines set out by those who believe that *wars cause arms* or by those who believe that *arms cause wars*. Stating it roughly in another way, the "wars-cause-arms" school, sometimes labeled the "security" school, regards armaments as a symptom and not the disease of the international body politic. To reduce armaments, it argues, it is first of all necessary to eradicate the disease. The "arms-cause-wars" school, sometimes called the "disarmament" school, regards armaments as the disease and wars as a symptom. To lessen the occurrence of war, this school holds, it is first of all necessary to reduce armaments. What is disease to one school is a symptom to the other, and vice versa. The history of the disarmament movement in the past decade has been an interplay of these two schools of thought.

It is true that the adherents of one school or the other are primarily influenced by their respective national policies. Thus, the idea of the reduction of armaments is basically the problem of the organization of peace, and as such it involves not only the recasting of the military systems of the world, but the reconditioning of national policies as well.

Johnson for President?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 23

HIRAM JOHNSON'S investigation of foreign loans and the resulting predicament of the State Department continue to occupy the center of the capital stage. Without a single assistant, and despite much furtive obstruction, the doughty Hiram has uncovered a series of financial and political scandals that are attracting almost as much public interest as those which attended the oil leases. The high point attained thus far was the disclosure that the State Department successfully exerted pressure on American bankers to complete a $20,000,000 loan to Colombia while successfully pressing the Colombian government to restore the vast Barco oil concession to a syndicate controlled by the Mellon-owned Gulf Oil Corporation. With his inimitable talent for doing the worst possible thing in the worst possible way at the worst possible time, Secretary Stimson withheld from the Senate investigating committee correspondence, touching these two subjects, which had passed between the State Department and the American legation in Colombia. However, apparently perceiving that this blunder fell somewhat short of perfection, he reconsidered and produced parts of the messages which related solely to the loan, but deleted those parts in which the loan was connected with the oil concession, explaining his decision on the following grounds: (1) that it would be "contrary to the public interest" to disclose those particular parts, and (2) that they already had been "accurately and fully" disclosed in the testimony of Assistant Secretary White! The methods employed to unload hundreds of millions of shaky foreign securities in this country—always with the assent of the State Department—cannot be fully appreciated without hearing some of the stories privately related to Johnson by officials of small-town banks. Not only were they informed bluntly by powerful New York bankers that certain numbers of bonds were being "reserved" for them, but some of them declare that national-bank examiners quietly suggested it would be wise to "diversify" their holdings by purchasing such bonds. There is no doubt that the failure of many small banks is largely attributable to the purchase of bonds which later became practically worthless.

* * * * *

IT must be obvious by now that Hiram's spectacular success with the investigation is not diminishing his availability as an opponent of Hoover for the Presidential nomination. Politicians know that letters from the people constitute a reliable barometer of public interest and sentiment, and just now the volume of congratulatory mail received by Johnson exceeds that of any ten men in the Senate. The truth is that within a month the Californian has succeeded in getting his hands on two of the livest political issues in the United States—debt cancelation and foreign loans. He has dramatized himself as the champion of American isolation, and anyone who minimizes the force of the isolationist and nationalistic spirit now sweeping this country is blind. Whether or not to enter the Republican primaries against Hoover is a question on which Johnson is postponing a decision. Competent observers agree that he would have no difficulty in carrying California over its itinerant other son, that he would sweep Illinois, Indiana, and probably Pennsylvania, to say nothing of Minnesota and North Dakota. It is true that victories in the States having Presidential primaries would still leave him far short of a majority in the convention, but the psychological effect on delegates from other States would be tremendous. The consideration really deterring him is the fear that he might succeed in eliminating Hoover, only to have the convention plump for someone like Dawes or Coolidge, who would have a chance to win the election. Doubtless it is the same consideration which impels dozens of standpat Republicans, including many of the leaders, to besiege him daily with entreaties to become a candidate. Borah could accomplish

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the same results, but if either runs, it will, in my judgment, be Johnson. Senator Norris is thoroughly convinced that Governor Roosevelt will be the Democratic nominee and that he will beat Hoover, and he is opposed to disturbing that picture. Uncle George is always interested in the ultimate objective.

* * * * *

THE La Follette-Costigan bill, providing for a federal appropriation of $375,000,000 to be distributed among the States for unemployment relief before July 1, 1933, has been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Manufactures, thus setting the stage for what promises to be one of the bitterest battles of the session. It is an exceptionally thoughtful and well-drawn measure, under which 40 per cent of the money would be allotted to the several States in proportion to their respective populations, the remaining 60 per cent constituting a reserve fund to be apportioned among the States on the showing that local resources were not sufficient to meet the needs. It establishes careful standards of expenditure and administration for the States, and intrusts federal administration to a board that would be headed by that enlightened, sympathetic, and indefatigable public servant, Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau. Nevertheless, if the Quaking Quaker adheres to the same blind attitude he has heretofore maintained toward all measures intended to relieve anyone except banks, railroads, insurance companies, and similar mendicants, the cry of "dole" will be raised promptly and the fight will be on. I am not so certain he will raise it. Having just sponsored and approved a $2,000,000,000 dole to the very people who created the present situation, he may hesitate to oppose a smaller dole to its victims.

* * * * *

BUT notwithstanding how often he trims his policies to the political winds, poor Mr. Hoover may always be trusted to get in trouble through his appointments. The latest demonstration is his nomination of Thad Brown for the federal Radio Commission, and of District Judge Wilkerson for the federal Circuit Court of Appeals. Brown is a political hack from Ohio, whose chief distinction is that he was a "Hoover man" in 1920, when the Great Shifter was a candidate for the Presidential nomination on both the Republican and Democratic tickets. During his tenure as chief counsel for the Radio Commission much of his time has been spent in composing and delivering political speeches. Members of the present commission are against him, openly or covertly. Senator Jim Couzens warned Hoover in characteristically vigorous language that Brown would not be confirmed by the Senate, but with his peculiar genius for rejecting advice from those best qualified to give it, the President sent in Brown's name. His confirmation is extremely doubtful and can be accomplished only after a struggle in which he and Hoover will sustain grievous wounds. The appointment cannot be explained on any rational ground except a desire to insure Republican control of the radio during the coming Presidential campaign. Judge Wilkerson has two claims to general fame—that he sentenced Al Capone to prison, and that he issued the notorious injunction against the striking railway shopmen. It was Harry Daugherty who got him on the bench and it was Daugherty who got him to issue the injunction in the shopmen's strike. As a matter of fact, he has issued injunctions more drastic in character. Before the Senate Judiciary Committee finishes, it may be possible to give a report of his conduct in the Capone case which will upset the popular impression. The promised inquiry into his practice of appointing receivers for large corporations should provide still more interesting revelations. Heroes are all right, but let us know the stuff they are made of.

Of Two Eternities

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

In the City

The fancy new apartments on our street
were not thought finished till men set in trees
and laid a two-foot lawn around the walls
with tiles of turf; there fences iron pronged
soon made it safe for grass and flowers to grow.
The builders did not put them there for love
or any such good reason that I know
but as an extra that the architect threw in
for which they'd fetch a double in the rent.

The trees were little; you could count the leaves,
could shut a girl's hand round their slender trunks;
yet somehow, in their sight, the stones looked frail,
the pillars tired, the arches faint, their strength
but an arrested falling-down, a being caught
upon a ray of gravitation.
Beside this stayed collapse, the springing trees
with their up thrust ambitiously brushed sky.
So too the living grass so young, strong, green,
paled grayer with its green the slabs of mortar;
made them seem overleavened cakes of dust,
a tap would some day brittle and puff out.
The tree, the grass, these are the permanent.
Their seeds, like bombs, in time will toss the stones.

In the Country

We had a spring, a good walk from the house,
we used to draw from when the well went dry.
It had been cased in stone and boarded over.
The cracks were wide enough for doors for frogs;
and rotwood splinters, crumbs of rust dropped in,
and scrapings from our soles; all these impured
the water and came forth on us in boils.

We dipped it out and with a strong cement
of granite gravel a thick cover made.
Its curb stood solid over dropping grass,
dead limbs beside it from a dying tree,
and hollow nuts, and more aborted life
of seeds dried in the husk or eaten out.

This lid was not more than three feet across;
a few steps off, sight lost it under trees.
Yet in that molded stone I saw a town
and saw a town's persistence and its strength:
the will of man who has domesticated stone
till roads breed villages, villages towns.

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Starvation and the "Reds" in Kentucky

By OAKLEY JOHNSON

PINEVILLE is the county seat of Bell County, adjoining Harlan County, where occurred the bitter United Mine Workers' strike last spring. The leadership of the United Mine Workers disavowed the strike, and the hundreds of blacklisted Harlan miners, thus deserted and without resources, were given relief for over half a year by the National Miners Union. The latter has proceeded to organize the miners not only of Harlan County but of all Kentucky and Tennessee, and as a result a second strike, much more extensive than the Harlan affair, was called January 1, involving not only Harlan but Bell, Knox, Whitley, and other counties, with at least 10,000 miners answering the call.

The Harlan County operators and officials met the original strike with gun thugs and terror. In Bell County, despite a more favorable sentiment among the people generally, and despite an organization of strike activities so thorough that attack on the strike itself is difficult, a second terror, less open but more insidious, is getting under way. The fact that the National Miners Union is Communist-led gives the local officials, controlled as they are by the operators, opportunity to bring in the bogies of "atheism" and "foreigners" and to use the statute on criminal syndicalism in an attempt to imprison for long terms not merely those alleged to have counseled specifically violent resistance to mine deputies, as in the Harlan court cases, but those who are organizing the strike, giving relief to the miners' families, reporting the progress of the strike to the Communist periodicals, or even defending in court the organizers and relief workers who have been arrested—on the ground that one and all are Communist and therefore violators of the statute.

The chief of police of Pineville, Pearl Osborne, with his deputies, raided the National Miners Union headquarters on January 4 and arrested nine persons—six women and three men—holding them on a search warrant only, individual warrants being made out afterward when the defendants had given their names. Two were news reporters—Ann Barton of the Federated Press and Vern Smith of the *Daily Worker;* two were managers of the Workers' International Relief—Clarina Michelson and Norma Martin. Allan Taub, an attorney from the International Defense who came specifically to defend the nine arrested persons, was also arrested within two hours after he arrived, bringing the total to ten. The others were John Harvey, V. Komenovich, Julia Parker, Dorothy Ross Weber, and Margaret Fontaine. All were charged with criminal syndicalism.

On Tuesday, January 5, a crowd of 5,000 striking miners came to town to attend the preliminary hearing, and Judge Van Beber for this reason adjourned the hearing until Thursday. On that day nearly 10,000 miners came. Again the hearing was adjourned to Saturday; in order to dodge the working-class audience, an attempt was made to "slip the hearing over" on Friday instead, but the defendants and their local attorneys refused to be tricked. Thousands again gathered Saturday, and the hearing was postponed until Tuesday, January 12. This time the hearing went through.

David J. Bentall, Chicago lawyer, had come to assist the defense. Allan Taub, himself a prisoner though released on the second day, took part in the defense, as did also W. F. Stone, Dell Bingham, and F. Taylor, local attorneys. The prosecuting attorney, Walter B. Smith, was assisted—as the prosecution admitted during the second session, when Allan Taub demanded an explanation—by N. Reed Patterson, legal representative of the operators. Judge Van Beber, as reported by a local paper, had already remarked that the prisoners would "have a hard time getting out of jail," and he was right. He himself overruled all objections by the defense, and the nine defendants were bound over to the grand jury.

From the Courthouse Steps

Returning from a quick lunch during the noon intermission, I stood a moment on the square at the north entrance of the courthouse, looking around at the town. On the west, so close as almost to lean over us, was Pine Mountain; on the other side, not quite so near or so high, were the Cumberland foothills. At the very bottom of this gigantic gully were the held-in homes of the 3,500 inhabitants of Pineville, and in the midst of the houses was the courthouse.

I walked around toward the south entrance. A stocky, fattish, well-dressed man—it was J. Matt Pursiful, county clerk and member of the American Legion—was standing on the concrete wall which formed one side of the courthouse steps. He was reading from a pamphlet, Phil Bard's "No Jobs Today," and before him were four or five hundred miners, ragged, dirty, gaunt, listening to him.

"This was part of the literature found in the raid," he was explaining. "I just thought I'd read this to you so you'd see what it was, and know what it was. I'm not advocating or condemning," he added, in response to a murmur from the crowd, "I'm just reading it."

" 'The workers . . . class-conscientious,' " he read, stumblingly, obviously unfamiliar with the term class-conscious. " 'Class-conscientious'—we all know what conscientious means from the war," he interposed, "conscientious objectors." Then he continued: "This book . . . shows the price we pay. . . . 'The wealthy parasites . . . close down their factories and throw us out on the street to starve. . . .' " I thought the speaker's voice was a bit self-conscious as he read this. The men and women in the crowd, so obviously described by the pamphlet, were grimly silent. " 'The Russian workers and farmers threw off the rule of . . . capitalism . . . by establishing their own workers' and farmers' Sovish' " —the reader stumbled again, and repeated—" 'Sovish Government.' " He showed pictures in the booklet. Then he read the final page: " 'Don't starve—Fight!' "

"Amen to that!" came from several women in the crowd. A woman near me, young and blue-eyed but thin and ragged, said grimly to another woman, "I'm ready for it! Can't the women fight too?"

The crowd had been very quiet. Now and then a short

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laugh, as the sentences of the pamphlet, speaking of the lack of jobs, struck home. As the speaker finished, he repeated that he wasn't taking sides, he just wanted to show the people there what the literature of these reds was really like. He added persuasively: "I know I'm satisfied with this country, and I think all of you are. I think we all like America better than any foreign country, and we don't want any revolutionary [*sic*] here. We don't need any revolutionary here. And I just wanted you to see what the literature said. That's all I've got to say."

As he stepped down a young miner, Jim Garland, one of the strike leaders, stood up. He was a mere boy, in grimy working clothes. "Comrades and brothers," he began, but the previous speaker and a deputy stopped him. "We really hadn't ought to have radical speeches on the court lawn when there's a trial going on inside," the beefy clerk said, persuasively. Garland hesitantly desisted. The crowd, patient and resigned, but distrustful, moved into the courthouse, hoping to squeeze into the tiny room where hearings for their strike leaders were being held.

What the Operators Say

The psychological attitudes of the residents of Bell County, both owners and workers, must be understood before the situation can be viewed as a whole. Pineville must be allowed to speak for itself.

The first man I interviewed was Herndon Evans, editor of the Pineville *Sun,* county chairman of the Red Cross, and share-owner in a mine or two. Evans is a ruddy-faced, somewhat fleshy, rather phlegmatic man who has "public spirit" and "sympathy" for the poor. He swung around heavily in a swivel chair, in his office opposite the jail, and asked me to sit down.

"What do you think of actual conditions of the miners?" I asked.

"Well," he began, "we must get at the underlying facts. We must not simply exaggerate conditions, as Theodore Dreiser and Charles Rumford Walker did, taking pictures of miners' homes in places where the mines have changed hands ten times since the war. The coal business has been very severely hit. Oil, electricity, and other substitutes for coal have decreased the market. Machinery has reduced the amount of labor needed—the improved tipple, for example, which used to load only four or five cars a day but now loads forty or fifty. The biggest coal tipple in the world is in Lynch, Harlan County, owned by the United States Steel interests. We don't need as many miners now. During the war there were ninety-eight mines operating, last year there were only forty-two, and this year there are thirty-nine. The Liberty Coal and Coke Company of this county went bankrupt four days ago. If the strike continues a month longer, at least two more companies will go bankrupt. I favor a back-to-the-farm movement for the unemployed miners."

"I admit that the miners don't make enough to live," he said, "haven't been making enough. If anyone wants to buy a mine cheap, they can buy one here in Bell County. The farm proposition will solve it. These Bell and Harlan miners can live on less than any other people in the world."

"How about the gun-thug business?" I asked. "It is charged that the operators hire mine guards many of whom have prison records, that these guards are deputized, and that they beat up and threaten miners, raid homes, and otherwise terrorize the strikers."

This was not a welcome question, but Mr. Evans was ready with his answer. He pictured the operator facing losses, keeping his mines going to give the workers jobs—"he doesn't want to have a lot of starving miners on his hands"—and suddenly faced with a strike and with pickets who are determined to keep scabs from working. "He decides to fight it out. So he calls in his loyal workers and gets the county judge or county sheriff to appoint them special officers. But he also has to get some hard-boiled fellows who won't be scared out, especially if there's any shooting. The shooting in 98 per cent of the instances starts on the part of the men who won't work. The operator has to have men known as 'men who will stand hitched,' and who mean it when they shoot back. But there are only a few real thugs, maybe ten or twelve, in all Harlan County. They might have killed a man sometime in the past. Bill Randolph, maybe, is one—he's killed three or four men. But the reports are exaggerated. The miners call *any* mine guard a thug."

Although these statements, coming baldly from one of Pineville's most prominent citizens, were acutely interesting to me, I had nevertheless largely expected them. But I was curious to learn the local attitude toward the official and "legal" attacks on the miners and their union.

"Well," Mr. Evans responded, "we think we can handle the situation ourselves. There's been a world of Communist literature spread around here. Outsiders are coming in and trying to develop red sentiment."

"But about the legal side of it," I interrupted, "and the arrests of relief workers and attorneys?"

"They're all Communists," he said; "we found the literature on them. They're all reds. They all make speeches to the miners. The lawyer, Taub, belongs to the International Labor Defense, and that's a Communist organization. They mislead the ignorant miners. They are here for their own purposes. They don't have near enough resources to take care of all those men on strike."

"Is the Red Cross, as is charged, denying help to the families of miners on strike?" I asked.

"Why, we must have some policy. I'm chairman of the Red Cross in this county. We have to check up whether people deserve help or not, and of course we call the operators to know whether a miner who asks for help has been working or not. And we have women who know them report on them. We have to check in different ways. And of course we can't encourage the strike. We have a lot of poor to look after, regularly. We made it a policy—a local policy, whether it is in conformity with the national organization or not—when men on strike came to us for aid, to turn them down because of limited funds. Of course if a mine goes bankrupt, as one did the other day with 400 families, we take care of them. But we tell the men on strike that they'd better go back to work, even if there is water in the mines and conditions aren't what we'd like to have them."

"Maybe the criminal-syndicalism law," he concluded, "is a weak law, but our officials are going to use it to break up communism."

I thanked Mr. Evans and went to the offices of N. Reed Patterson, legal representative of the local coal operators and of some of the outside interests. Mr. Patterson is perhaps

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fifty years old, or nearly that, but he is agile and dapper, slightly under medium size—the city man in a provincial town, the liberal "front" to a highly conservative combination of governmental and mine-owning forces. He had already, as I learned from the prisoners and as he told me himself, offered personally to go bail for Allan Taub and to furnish him the hospitality of his home, and to undertake the defense of Julia Parker separately from the other defendants, because she was "so young and different." He was pained when both refused. Yet on the following day—if I may anticipate—while the hearing was on, and Patterson was running from Judge Van Beber to Prosecutor Walter B. Smith and back, offering whispered suggestions and answering whispered questions scores and scores of times, Allan Taub demanded of the judge that the defense be informed of the status of Reed Patterson in the hearing, and Patterson, flushed and angered, himself replied that he was working with the prosecution and was a part of it, and the defendants "would certainly find it out."

But in his office the preceding day Mr. Patterson was affable and kindly during the interview. He admitted that the condition of the miners was "more or less distressing." The miners have been "working only two or three days a week." He told of the $16,000 in Middlesboro and the $6,000 in Pineville which had been raised to "relieve actual suffering," and denied that relief had been refused to the families of strikers "except where the relief would simply help the strike." He countered my questions with the declaration that the Communists had "seized upon the bad situation of the mines to impress the ignorant miners with the idea that they are in a state of peonage." He branded as false the declaration that gun thugs had been imported to act as guards and deputies.

About the right of miners to unionize he was eloquent. "Of course I believe in unions," he said. "I believe every miner in this county should be a member of the United Mine Workers of America. The operators made a mistake when they fired all the miners who joined the United Mine Workers last spring, and I told them so. But they wouldn't listen to me. What I think is this: Let the United States government gather up all the reds and put them in jail, and then gather up Morgan and Mellon and Rockefeller and Ford and the other big Eastern bankers and put them right in with the reds, and the country would get along a great deal better."

I talked with Prosecutor Walter B. Smith and Judge George Van Beber together in the Prosecutor's office. The Judge had little to say. He is a quiet, sleek, well-fed man of perhaps fifty, shrewd chiefly in his determination to rely wholly on Smith and Patterson for legal direction.

Mr. Smith is a young, almost ascetic-looking man, so thin as to seem tall although he is of medium height, an effect accentuated somewhat by his habit of carrying his head slightly stooped sidewise when walking about, as though he bent to hear the talk of short men. His main contribution to the technique of the prosecution was the injection of the religious issue. At the first appearance of the prisoners in court he had asked Taub, when the oath was to be given, "Do you believe in God?" and had insisted on an answer for an hour or more.

"If he doesn't believe in God, how can he take the oath?" he asked me, when I commented on the unusualness of this question. "If a man doesn't believe in a Supreme Being, he couldn't make any statement on which you could rely."

About the conditions of the miners Smith said there would have to be "an economic readjustment." "It's impossible," he asserted, "for the companies to pay a living wage. It's pathetic that the miners, many of them, are in this situation, but it can't be helped." "I'm in favor of organized labor," he continued. "The miners elected me to office. But I'm opposed to any organization opposed to God, or that believes in strikes, riots, sabotage, bloodshed, and in bringing this about by establishing a form of government, with a world capital at Moscow, that would stamp out the democratic government we have."

Mr. Smith assumed the responsibility for calling in the dozen or so armed deputies from Harlan County at the time set for the first hearing of the defendants in Pineville, which hearing had been postponed because of the crowd of 5,000 miners present, declaring that it was rumored the crowd intended to release the defendants. The presence of these gunmen, with a machine-gun as well as their revolvers, on the courthouse steps the preceding week had been a new event in Bell County history. But Mr. Smith obviously regarded any irregularity of this sort as excusable when Religion and Our Government were under attack.

In the Driftway

THE old West, which the Drifter consigned to a dead past a few weeks ago with appropriate sad words, will not down. And the Drifter admits that the following communication from Fresno, California, carries encouraging conviction.

DEAR DRIFTER: I see that your able correspondent, "A Dude Wrangler's Wife," leaves you still unconvinced that the real West anywhere survives. Let me add my bit of testimony. Twenty-four miles from this city of some 52,000 people is a cattle ranch of 15,000 acres run by a friend of mine. He and his family live in old adobe buildings that were erected in 1851 and served briefly as a United States army post. The ranch is all up-and-down country, lightly timbered with oak and scrub pine. The San Joaquin River runs through the middle of it a hundred yards in front of the ranch-house. Charlie, my friend, often runs 1,500 or more head of cattle on his broad acres, and generally seventy or so head of saddle stock. The range is ridden as it always was, and will always have to be, for the country is too rough to get over except on a horse or on foot—and try to imagine a cattleman walking more than forty yards! Roping, branding, breaking colts, in short, all the old activities of the range, go on just as they always did. The boots, the blue jeans, the silver-mounted bridles and spurs, the chaps (absolutely necessary in deer-brush country), the ten-gallon hats, all are unchanged. And the dude still is a "contemptible tenderfoot," though Charlie doesn't mind renting him a plug to ride of a Sunday afternoon.

When I first made Charlie's acquaintance he viewed my English riding boots and "choke-bore pants" with unconcealed disgust. He found, however, that I could stay on a horse even in wild pursuit over broken ground. And when I rode forty miles with him one day in blazing heat

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to hunt for a lost cow, and he discovered in me a natural gift for profanity and an unregenerate liking for plug tobacco of one of the stronger varieties, the conquest was complete. Since then I have been one of the inner circle, though I'll admit that Grant, the Indian colt-breaker, greatly, and justly, outranks me.

Nor is this ranch exceptional. The foothills of the Sierras shelter hundreds of such establishments, and so does the wilder, drier, and rougher Coast Range. As you may be aware, there is a great difference between, say, the Texan tradition, equipment, and method and the Californian, as there is between the Californian and that of Wyoming. Here the flavor is almost wholly Mexican, and I am assured by much older men than myself that it remains practically uncontaminated by modernity.

* * * * *

THE Drifter did not mean to imply that the ranch and the range no longer exist. He could lead the way himself to cattle ranges where the "rodeer" is as real today as it was fifty years ago. He could also lead the way, though no cattleman would follow him, to thousands of "up-and-down" acres of sheep country where men and methods are as leisurely as ever, where nothing has changed, not even the taste of fresh-killed mutton or the labels on the tinned milk. But most of the cattlemen he knows still have ranches only because the banks don't want them, and a leg of lamb sells at retail in New York City for twenty-one cents a pound. The ranch, like the farm, has lost its economic justification. Therefore, the world being organized as it is, the ranch and the farm are endangered as a way of life, no matter how desirable.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Cox's Army

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The quarters of the radical Unemployed Councils in Pittsburgh are raided by the police, but Father Cox is able to command the huge Pittsburgh stadium for an unemployment rally. Even more patent was the contrast between the official reception accorded the Communist-led National Hunger March and that extended to Father Cox's army when it arrived in Washington. The absurdly formidable armament which confronted the militant Communists—Washington was an armed camp, with more troops and police than marchers—was not in evidence when Father Cox appeared. He was graciously received and heard by President Hoover, was warmly greeted by the Pennsylvania Congressmen, and was photographed, appropriately enough, arm in arm with Senator James J. Davis, one of the most vociferous "labor" opponents of the "dole." His march was avowedly designed to offset the earlier radical demonstration, and it was financed by Pittsburgh business men.

The incident becomes readily understandable if one takes into consideration the fact that since the depression the industrial area of Pittsburgh has become the chief new center for Communist activity. The radicals have set themselves as a paramount task the winning of the miners and steel workers of the Pittsburgh district, and have established themselves among the large masses of unemployed in these industries. Father Cox's latest announcement is that he may be a candidate for President on a proposed "Jobless Party ticket."

New York, January 20 FELIX MORROW

"Guiding the Revolution"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of January 13 Mr. Arthur Allen characterizes the recent student conference of the League for Industrial Democracy as an example of liberal futility. He bases his judgment upon the theme "Guiding the Revolution," as announced in a previous issue of *The Nation*. Had Mr. Allen attended the conference or secured a published report of the proceedings, available for the asking, he would have discovered (1) that the conference was not a talk-fest of liberals, and (2) that the student participants were not wholly innocent of experience in the class struggle.

There might be mentioned, for instance, the work of Donald M. Smith, of Bates College, in organizing a council of the unemployed in Lewiston, Maine—his first mass-meeting was attended by more than 1,500 persons; or the activities of Arnold Johnson, a student of Union Theological Seminary, in the Harlan strikes last summer, including five weeks' jail residence; or the support given the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union by students from Vassar and other colleges; or the participation of Columbia and Union Seminary students in the effort to organize Brooklyn Edison employees, in the course of which more than one has been beaten by thugs.

We have no illusion that revolutions can be made. But the revolutionary changes being forced upon us by the progressive breakdown of an individualist profit-seeking economy may not be wholly beyond human control. Hence the importance of considerations of strategy. Unless Mr. Allen expects a revolution to be suddenly produced as a magician might whisk a rabbit from a silk topper, he will recognize the necessity for these humble beginnings. They are tasks in which even college students and college graduates and readers of *The Nation* may share.

New York, January 12 PAUL PORTER

Friendly Words from Bertrand Russell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find in your issue of December 30 a note about myself which might give the impression that I have been finding fault with American hospitality. If in some moment of fatigue I have said anything capable of this interpretation, I apologize to my many American friends. A lecture tour in America is unavoidably rather strenuous, and advancing years have made me feel that it might be unwise to attempt another in the future. But I do not feel that Americans are responsible for this strenuousness, which is due to the desire of visitors like myself to get through a great deal in a short time.

I have much gratitude for the kindness which I have experienced in your country, and I should not wish to be added to the number of those Englishmen who have indulged in unjust and ill-natured criticism.

Petersfield, England, January 4 BERTRAND RUSSELL

A Letter to Mr. Willard

MR. O. WILLARD: I have already told you that your paper is a pro-Communist and pro-Fascist paper and not a true liberal one.

New York, January 9 DR. GIUSEPPE MORVILLO

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Finance

Is Easy Money the Cure?

THE New York Federal Reserve Bank, which recently reduced by one-quarter of 1 per cent its buying rate for bills of exchange, is believed to have taken the first step in a new easy-money policy. As generally understood, this policy is designed to dovetail with the government's program of aiding banks, railroads, and other distressed institutions through loans to be made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Eventual restoration of public confidence in business and the banks is the aim in view.

Back of an easy-money policy, at such a time as this, lies the idea that people can be persuaded to borrow, and to spend or invest the borrowed money, provided only the rate of interest is made low enough. The idea has been tried out on several occasions in recent years, with indifferent success. Several years ago the Reserve banks, actuated by a laudable purpose to redistribute some of our surplus gold among foreign countries, enforced a low rate of interest and succeeded in expelling some $500,000,000 gold from the country. But Wall Street thrust its way in to the feast of cheap credit, stocks boomed, and the final price was paid in 1929. Easy money "works," with a vengeance, in a boom, but its effect in curing depressions is likely to be negligible. In view of the grave results which may follow unsuccessful tampering with money rates, it is to be hoped that the present attempt will be held within rigid bounds. The export of gold to France, now under way, may reflect the withdrawal of French funds because of the low rate of interest available here; but it may also be connected with vague fears of currency inflation in America.

The reason for the ineffectualness of an easy-money policy is not far to seek. When a panic bursts over the financial markets, it is classic practice for the central banks to lend without stint—but at a stiff rate—to all who can present acceptable collateral. On such an occasion traders are obsessed with the fear that they will not be able to obtain funds to meet maturing obligations, and the removal of that fear through an open-handed credit policy is likely to go far toward allaying the panic. But when a depression has dragged its length along for two years or more, there are no aspects of a sudden emergency to deal with. The strongest debtors have long since paid off or provided for their maturing obligations, and the weakest ones are unable to muster the resources needed, in any event, to obtain credit; such debtors could not have obtained it even during the first crash. After a long business slump the effective demand for credit is at a minimum. Concerns enjoying the highest rating do not want to borrow, and the banks will not lend to the others.

If a low rate is powerless to start the wheels of industry, why not try a high one? The suggestion is not so heretical as it appears, for if borrowing is what is required to get things going, it seems logical to provide credit facilities for the only people who actually want to borrow—namely, the people to whom the conservative banks will not lend. If low rates will not tempt the strong borrowers, high rates might tempt the speculative lenders. Current yields of 6, 8, and 10 per cent on what were recently regarded as fairly high-grade preferred stocks and bonds are often cited to illustrate the low state of corporate credit, but they illustrate with equal force the fact that enough money is available, of a speculative cast, to maintain those rates. Here is an opportunity for "individualism" to show what it can do, before we conclude that nobody can be persuaded to lend to the poorer credit risks except the United States Treasury.

S. PALMER HARMAN

WORLD CHAOS

The Responsibility of Science

by William McDougall, F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF

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Poem for My Daughter

By HORACE GREGORY

Tell her I know
that living is too long
for our love to endure;
the tenuous and strong
web of time (outlasting
girls and men—love's rapid signature
of hand and lip and eye)
is a steel cable strung
across a sunset sky.

Tell her that girls and men
are shadows on the grass
where time's four seasons pass;
tell her that I have seen
oh, many a nervous queen
of girls (Madonna, glorious
white tower goddess) fade
while walking in noon's shade,
separate limbs and foreheads bright
now dim, anonymous.

Even this room where I
make words to signify
a quarrel 'gainst death and all
things perishing
shall live beyond me, and
the clock upon the wall
slowly unwinding time
shall count the hours that stand
ripe for my funeral.

On the Theme of Time

Descent to the Dead. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $7.50.

ROBINSON JEFFERS is one of the poets today who is totally preoccupied with the theme of time. It is as if the human vision had been stretched suddenly, as if the eye of man were no longer on his own age save as that age is one hour in a continuous flow of time. T. S. Eliot, Archibald MacLeish, Hart Crane, Yvor Winters, and, in a more completely disillusioned way, William Butler Yeats are all obsessed, driven out of themselves, driven into a desire for oblivion by this intensified and modern awareness of infinity. And once this obsession overpowers the poet, he cannot write anything without feeling the necessity of divorcing himself from any strictly personal theme. Love, hate, passion, ennui—all become relative to the knowledge of these emotions manifest in the writings of poets of all periods. The eye focuses on a point, discovers that the point is the circumference of the world, in fact, the circumference of all worlds. Such an attack upon a poetic subject, such an angle of vision suddenly spreading out explain much of the imagery in modern poetry.

When Robinson Jeffers, therefore, turns to write elegies, he writes them not in terms of the duration of a personal grief, not in the intimate imagery of such a grief, but in terms of time. He writes them on the perishing of peoples, on the annihilation of races, on history ever continuous and seemingly discontinuous. In this new book, "Descent to the Dead," he has returned to the land of his own ancestors, to Ireland, to England. These are dead lands; they have known more of time, as he sees it, than has his own Pacific Coast. They prove to him conclusively the paradox with which Eliot likewise has been concerned, that the dead are more living than are the "living dead."

The dead live through their histories, through their remembered expression in any art form, through the epochs they have brought into being; the living are dead because one must see them through the wrong end of the telescope, one is among them, one analyzes each deadly daily task, each petty liberty. In this new collection of lyrics Jeffers attempts to answer the question, What is death? It is life in the minds of those who follow after you, life only in memory, but memory is, therefore, more living, more enduring than life itself. And for one such memory, wrapped round the name of a great person, generations of men die; such is the theory of selection, of the right of the fittest to survival. The superman, then, with whom Jeffers has long been concerned, is he who endures past time as it is normally measured. He endures past human emotion (the briefest of all brevities), he becomes inhuman while he lives, and after he dies he is remembered as having surpassed humanity's dictum. Such a man gives himself in life to fury, to intensity like that of nature in great storm; after he dies, he is remembered for his frenzy.

So this new collection of elegies, written in rhythms closely approximating the quantitative Greek, written in statements sometimes closely approximating the simplicity and directness of prose, but escaping the prosaic because so condensed, so vehement, is the logical conclusion of Jeffers's theme of desire for annihilation: he believes it necessary to escape the bonds of humanity (through violence), and then to be reunited with a larger measure of time, nature. Mountains endure beyond our sight; the body reabsorbed into dust has a boundlessness past that of life. This is a kind of pantheism, but Jeffers's own kind. Beauty in nature is achieved through spanning a greater compass of years than puny man may span. Jeffers's feeling for nature is like that of the ancient Britons. Although his ancestry is, in part, Celtic, Jeffers does not feel nature as gentle. He is much more like the early Scandinavians in his feeling for the waves and winds. He is terrified and entranced. If Jeffers had lived in a period when people believed in monsters he would have created appalling monsters to personify natural forces. Instead, since he has a scientific outlook, he presents the idea of natural law as terrific and ruthless. Human tenderness is, therefore, a mere protective fiction; nature alone illustrates what life really means.

Jeffers as a lyric poet is, let me repeat, never personal. In his lyrics, elegiac, philosophical, didactic, he is pronouncing a creed molded and confirmed by the thought of the twentieth century. He is a romantic turned nihilist. His lyrics are the direct vehicle of his vision; in them he allows himself none of the romantic grandeur of the narratives, got through presenting unintellectual characters and their actions. In his lyrics, he is an intellectual—romantic, bitter, frustrated, and confused—a mystic in his most intense moods, but intellectually opposed to mysticism, a man who seeks a philosophical system and can formulate none. There is, for him, no "tower beyond tragedy," no moment of peace. He has no clear idea of unity. Nature is greater than man, therefore more important. Death is an extended fretfulness and not really perfect annihilation. And there is no peace. Man's one hunger is for oblivion, and the only possible oblivion would be a total destruction of earth—something which the mind cannot quite grasp.

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There is one other point concerning technique; Robinson Jeffers is, in his narratives, often very faulty, very unpoetic in the turn of a single line or group of lines. There are passages in the long poems which are in very bad taste. If they escape the censor it is because of the dramatic force of the narrative. Jeffers can tell a story (despite his symbolism, despite his obsessions); he understands his characters and presents a well-motivated tale. He has a perfect sense of human drama. This is a tremendous power in a narrative poet. But only in his lyrics does he show his command of the poetic line, his precise sense of language, and this in a rhythm which is almost alien to our tongue, which is so dangerously close to prose that only Jeffers with his knowledge of Greek poetry can keep it from becoming prose.

EDA LOU WALTON

Eloquent Biography

Wellington. By Philip Guedalla. Harper and Brothers. $4.

GUEDALLA takes considerable trouble in his preface to justify writing a quarter of a million words about Wellington. If novelists are allowed so much space for the nonentities now in fashion as heroes, he argues that he can be excused for giving as many words to so imposing an entity as the Iron Duke. The point is irrelevant. It is Guedalla, not the Duke, who must justify the long stretch; and his justification is magnificent. It is 250,000 words long and one of the most brilliant, sustained, and conscientious pieces of biographical writing in our literature.

It is an eloquent book, eloquent in its entirety, eloquent in its smallest part. Any sentence picked out of its context breathes by its own rhythm, and pleases us either by a graceful balance, an interesting contrast, or a flashing metaphor. Rhetoric is perfectly used; instances of excess are rare; and the reader is exhilarated by the majestic and controlled literary energy.

Guedalla's respect for his subject, explicitly announced in the preface, is tempered in the text to the rendering of justice. Of unpleasant data he furnishes enough to give any debunker a year's work; but it is all in its place. The reader may be grateful that in this book, at least, Guedalla is not given to pulling out great men's shirt-tails.

To the radical, Wellington must be an offensive figure, unless, like the generous crusaders who could admit that the Saracens were good knights, he has the chivalry to admit Wellington's qualities. Wellington was an aristocrat; he believed that the protection of property was the first duty of organized society. He resisted social justice in England with a stately persistence; but he was an able and principled man whose work in history was well done, though we might wish that it had not been done.

Aristocracy, to Wellington, was a natural state. He was born an aristocrat and into an aristocratic society. His family belonged to the Anglo-Irish nobility which, living among an enslaved people, was constantly being confirmed in its sense of selection and superiority. Military command hardened in him the conviction that masses of men are fit only for obedience. When he turned to civil life it was inevitable that he should become a Tory leader.

These limitations admitted, it is impossible not to admire Wellington's forcefulness, good judgment, and good sense. He obtained his army commission without training and was promoted several ranks before he had spent a day in the service. This was common in an era when gentlemen consciously ran the government for the good of gentlemen and *vox populi* was not yet a whisper; a gentleman's career was not hampered by the vulgarity of exertions. Unlike other gentlemen careerists, however, Wellington took the responsibilities of his career upon himself instead of leaving them to assiduous patrons in London. He studied military writers, and when he sailed to a post in India, there was a trunkful of books about India in his baggage. In India he founded the military reputation that was to be enlarged during the magnificent Spanish campaigns and crowned, while he dissolved an empire, at Waterloo.

There were two chief factors in Wellington's success. One was his ability to think of his job in all its interrelations and to understand each element down to its details. Other generals were content to trust supplies to the commissariat, communications to the transport officers, the contours of the campaign country to the intelligence staff. Wellington supervised all these himself. As a consequence, his soldiers were well fed and clothed; when they marched there were no swarming and congestion on the roads; when they maneuvered they were not dumped into gullies. Although they could not love him as an army sometimes loves its general, his soldiers had confidence in him and were glad to serve under him. Moreover, to Wellington a victory did not end his job. He took care that victories were not too expensive or would not leave him in a desert. He was above the temptation of loot and the intoxications of sadism. It was perhaps for these reasons that Wellington was never a sentimentalist about his soldiers and usually spoke of them with ironic contempt. He saw them too often, after victories, taking holidays and bonuses in loot and license.

The other factor in his success was that he had the wisdom and the courage to retreat when necessary. A battle was only an incident in a campaign. Edging away from an enemy too strong in numbers or position never humiliated him. He was not the man to lose an army on a desperate gamble, or to make a fine show of last-ditch fighting. This ability to retreat he brought to his later political career. He had the intelligence to see, when he was Prime Minister, that reform was inevitable, and he had the courage to draft and put through a Reform Bill although his petulant Tory Cabinet broke up in protest.

And he knew when his work was over. He had been a general for a definite reason, to bring peace based on a restored monarchical system in Europe. Waterloo having accomplished that, he turned to the problem of settlement in a sensible spirit. He did not understand that the day of monarchies was over; but he did understand that the monarchies must start on decent terms with each other. Therefore he, the only general who had beaten French armies, acted as the protector of France in the negotiations at Vienna.

Waterloo made Wellington the most famous and trusted man in the world. He returned to England a hero, and almost an independent power. He maintained his poise and good judgment, enduring with dignity the hysterics of adoration; and when the years of worship passed and a new generation knew him less as the victor of Waterloo than as the thwarter of reform, when Chartist mobs pursued him and broke his windows, he remained clear-headed, unmoved, and majestic. In giving his services or his prestige to the Tory cause he believed to the end that he was acting in the best interests of his country.

His private life illustrates the arrogance of the better-than-thou mind. The masses of England were to be kept from any domestic irregularities. He himself, however, seemed never so contented as when he was away from his agitated and ineffectual wife. No one could blame him for that, or for making his affair with Mrs. Arbuthnot a calmly public matter. His infidelity was a matter of personal sensitiveness. Infidelity among the poorer classes was brutishness. Caste consciousness made it impossible for Wellington to understand that the poor could be sensitive.

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There are many other aspects of Wellington's life that call for comment, but it is time to return to Guedalla's performance. By any standard it must be judged a success. Guedalla has informed himself fully of the historical and social backgrounds, and he is able to place them adroitly behind and around Wellington, not, like a clumsier biographer, dismissing his hero while he smears on his masses of information. His style is continuously brilliant, and though after a few pages the reader may feel dazzled, after a few more he is inured to the glare and enjoys the illumination. The rhetoric is continuous, and it is astonishing that he sustains it at so high a level so long; but it has its lapses, and in a curious way they almost always occur when he tries to animate scenery—as when the rock of Teneriffe rises out of the sea, clairvoyantly, to salute Wellington sailing past in an East Indiaman. Guedalla's allusiveness is sometimes confusing; but usually it is a brilliant feat of literary economy. He calls on his reader's knowledge, memory, and powers of association, and so, with his reader's help, he is able—without the use of long interpolated paragraphs, footnotes, and other elaborations—to keep an astonishing number of men and events in movement on his pages.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Why India Rebels

Rebel India. By H. N. Brailsford. New Republic, Inc. $1.

THE foundation of rebellion in India is in Mr. Brailsford's view economic discontent. In vigorous style he sketches the evidence of this discontent among peasants and industrial workers. The desperate living conditions of the lower nine-tenths of India's three hundred and fifty millions are indeed beyond description. Caught in an inescapable tangle of overbreeding and undernourishment, inextricably indebted to usurious money-lenders, exploited in favor of a privileged land-holding class, subjected to a land tax that takes an incredible proportion of their earnings, their handicrafts in decline from competition with Western machine industry, with the miseries of life rarely alleviated by medicine, hygiene, or education, the peasants are in a state that would rouse a more vigorous people to bloody revolt. At the same time the industrial workers must endure the evils of an infant industrialism—overcrowding in insanitary tenements, employment of women and children, long hours, scanty wages. These conditions Mr. Brailsford roundly excoriates with a Socialist's ardor.

The blame for the present state Mr. Brailsford assigns partly to British imperialism, which he does not in any circumstances defend, hardly even allowing it credit for the peace it has brought, the railways, the irrigation enterprises. But more important in his opinion is the attitude toward life of Indians themselves, especially of Hindus, who tolerate caste, child-marriage, the sanctity of cows, and peculiar religious prepossessions concerning rebirth and *karma* (retribution in a future life for one's acts now). He indicates the lines along which he thinks economic improvement may take place, but he expects no regeneration until India is self-governing. He is therefore against British imperialism both because it selfishly exploits India and because it hinders Indians in the process of building up the country.

From the purely economic point of view his picture, with toning down of the over-strong colors, is effective. But the confining of his treatment to the economic would indicate that therein lies an adequate accounting for "rebel" India. On the contrary, as a total picture of India's unrest his book is inadequate. Long before the present economic crisis there was political unrest among the middle classes of India, which slowly filtered down among the working classes. The unrest was not merely economic in its origin, but was also based on other issues. It was a response from the ancient, highly developed, proud, and sensitive culture of India to domination by a Western civilization that had come to India when she was torn by bitter inner conflict and had made good its dominance with the weapons furnished by the industrial revolution. The Western civilization had claimed for itself superiority in all aspects, such as religion, morals, art, education, even language—English was made the medium of instruction in all colleges and high schools. Complicating the cultural conflict is the Hindu-Moslem antipathy, which Mr. Brailsford hardly seems to see as more than a dispute between two rival parties, but which is again a battle between the powerful native civilization of India and the intruding Islamic culture. The basic conflicts in India today are of the Hindu culture against the Western European and the Mohammedan; and nationalism in India today is a Hindu movement that draws rarely and never whole-heartedly from the Mohammedan and the Christian communities. India, therefore, is like the rest of the Orient in being faced with the problem of adjusting her agrarian economic order to the order of an industrialized world; but in addition she is engaged in a mighty effort to preserve the cultural continuity of her life. Modify it she must, as Europe has had to do hers, but she will not have her art, her literature, her religion, her philosophy, her society displaced by those of the West.

W. NORMAN BROWN

American Secrecy About Red Russia

America's Siberian Adventure. By Major General William S. Graves. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.50.

WHY did we intervene in Siberia in 1918? There have been plenty of guesses advanced by historians, political students, and journalists. But no one can be absolutely certain of the real reasons. Not even the author of this book, who was at the head of the Siberian Expeditionary Force, can tell us what prompted the Wilson Administration to send 10,000 soldiers upon this most ridiculous adventure in American military history. "I was in command of the United States troops sent to Siberia," the author writes, "and I must admit I do not know what the United States was trying to accomplish by military intervention." It was explained at the time that Japan and the United States were sending troops to Siberia to rescue an army of Czech soldiers supposed to be stranded somewhere in eastern Russia. But when General Graves arrived on the scene he found this "stranded army" well able to look out for itself. Indeed he writes, "The Czechs had taken control of the Trans-Siberian Railway and most of the towns on this line, and had definitely decided not to leave *two months before Japan and the United States decided to go to their relief, and help them to get out of Siberia.*" (The italics are the author's.)

When I say that the true motive behind the Siberian intervention has only been guessed at, I mean that there is as yet no authentic information available on this point. Nor are there any official documents ready at hand to show why State Department officials deliberately sought to sabotage the clear and indisputable instructions given General Graves, or why these same officials tried so energetically to force the American troops into the Russian civil war on the side of Kolchak and other reactionary leaders. No doubt, as Newton D. Baker suggests in the foreword to Graves's book, "some day all this will be carefully studied, and research scholarship will find documents and papers, reports of conversations, and invitations to new policies" which will reveal the story behind the Siberian misadventure.

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In my opinion this research would very likely throw new light on the whole absurd Russian policy of the United States, and perhaps explain why Secretary Stimson has found it necessary to resort to secret diplomacy in connection with the present Manchurian controversy. There has been altogether too much secrecy since 1917 in Washington's handling of questions touching Russia. Either Washington lacks the courage of its convictions, which seems stupid, or else there is something in its Russian policy that it wishes to hide from the American people.

The story unfolded by General Graves, while not entirely new, gives us a fresh and illuminating picture of the Siberian situation during the American intervention. It has the added merit of coming from a man who can speak with authority. The story is one that ought to put a conscientious State Department to shame. Again and again the author reveals the manner in which consular officials, in their reports to Washington, twisted and distorted information relative to Siberian developments. As a result of these apparently deliberate misrepresentations General Graves and other observers were informed by Washington that the reports on the situation that they were making did not contain "the kind of information . . . we want." The contents of most of the consular reports, misleading though they were, found currency throughout the United States and Europe. The outer world was being fed with propaganda to show that the Bolsheviks were committing the most frightful atrocities, while in truth, according to General Graves, these atrocities were the work of Semenoff, Kalmikoff, and other followers of Admiral Kolchak, for whom State Department officials were attempting to build up favorable sentiment in the United States with a view to having the Kolchak group recognized as the government of Siberia. "All Allied representatives and United States State Department representatives," the author says, "were solidly behind Admiral Kolchak, and the more hopeless the cause of Kolchak became, the more bitter his supporters became toward everyone who did not assist him." On the other hand, General Graves found that "at no time while I was in Siberia was there enough popular support behind Kolchak in eastern Siberia for him, or the people supporting him, to have lasted one month if all Allied support had been removed."

General Graves also brings exceedingly serious charges against Japan. He accuses the Japanese of having supported such reactionaries as Semenoff and Kalmikoff, whom he describes as criminals of the worst sort. Of the latter he writes:

> I also met for the first time the notorious murderer, robber, and cutthroat Kalmikoff. He was the worst scoundrel I ever saw or ever heard of, and I seriously doubt, if one should go entirely through the Standard Dictionary looking for words descriptive of crime, if a crime could be found that Kalmikoff had not committed. He was armed and financed by Japan in their efforts "to help the Russian people."

Among other accusations he brings against the Japanese, Graves charges them with having violated the agreement with Washington under which each country was to send only 10,000 of its troops into Siberia. Japan asked that it be permitted to increase its quota to 12,000. Suspicious of this request, General Graves made a thorough survey of the disposition of Japanese troops in Siberia and found that they numbered not 10,000 or 12,000, but 72,000.

Whatever may have been the motive of the people who persuaded Woodrow Wilson to take part in the "rescue" of the stranded Czechs, they apparently did not succeed in achieving their objective. "I think it cannot be refuted," the author writes in conclusion, "that there were no beneficial results flowing from intervention in Russia so far as all foreigners are concerned, and it undoubtedly resulted in placing the mass of Russians even more solidly behind the Soviets."

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Books in Brief

Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes. Arranged by Alfred Lief. Foreword by Harold J. Laski. The Vanguard Press. $4.50.

This is a companion volume to "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes." The reader who wishes to understand fully the working of Justice Holmes's mind will find it indispensable. For, composed as it is almost entirely of prevailing opinions, it better reflects the fundamental conservatism of his mind. But this, as Professor Laski points out in his excellent introduction, only makes him all the greater as a judge. The objectivity which can rise above class and personal prejudices is possible in the exercise of the judicial function only at its highest levels.

A Translation of the Orpheus of Angelo Politian and the Aminta of Torquato Tasso. With an Introductory Essay on the Pastoral. By Louis E. Lord. Oxford University Press. $3.

Mr. Lord has rendered these famous pastoral dramas—or, as he tends to call them in his charming introduction, operas—in limpid, sweet, yet formal prose. Such a translation serves better than anything else to prove that Politian and Tasso were once incredibly charming. For, as Mr. Lord translates them, they still are charming; and still incredible.

Decent Fellows. By John Heygate. Introduction by Henry Williamson. Cape and Smith. $2.50.

John Heygate's study of life at Eton suffers greatly from a lack of some center around which the story might revolve; the troubles of a boy whose friends' parents are wealthier than his own make but a slight complication for a novel of four hundred pages. With one noteworthy exception, moreover, the author resolutely avoids the dramatic possibilities of his theme. The exception is the episode of a visit to a cabaret, with the subsequent beatings, and as it reveals the author's undoubted talent for observation applied to a situation essentially more exciting than afternoon tea, the remainder of the novel—half of it—becomes a long anticlimax, a series of disconnected episodes with cricket and adolescent morality contributing to the general tedium.

Music

Among the Best Performers

IN the bi-weekly musical comments appearing in this column it is obviously impossible to give an account of all the musical events of two weeks. It is often nearly as difficult to choose, out of from six to ten events of importance, any one or two that stand out from the rest in a way that invites comment. The intrinsic value of a performance or of a work often bears little relation to its usability as copy, and many of the really outstanding events of the season are not mentioned here at all for the simple reason that it is difficult to find anything to say about them.

Where an artist does not achieve a balance among the elements of his art, or lays exceptional stress in one direction, it is sometimes possible to point out to the listener why it is that he may have found another element slighted. He may be less dissatisfied with the tonal austerity of men like Artur Schnabel and Adolf Busch, for example, if he has been warned that it is in

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other directions—subtle and sensitive phrasing, coupled with exceptional architectural sense—that their technical virtues are to be found.

But of all artists the most difficult to write about are those few supreme interpreters whose identity with the composers they interpret is so completely attained that their function as interpreter is almost forgotten. What is there to say, for example, of Myra Hess, who has achieved, I think, more nearly perfect balance in her art than has any other performing musician I know? There were shortcomings and weaknesses in her recent recital, perhaps more than in others she has given. But even admitting these, I think her realization of the potential beauty of the works she played is greater, her destruction of everything that stands between the composer and the listener more complete, than that attained by anyone else. In the face of that fact I cannot see that anything would be gained by pointing out weaknesses, the reasons and remedies for which Myra Hess doubtless knows infinitely better than anyone else; still less by attempting to pick out individual virtues in an art so incomparably well rounded, and so much better able to speak for itself than anyone to speak for it. But if I cannot describe the unique and almost incredible beauty of Myra Hess's playing, I can at least urge everyone who has not experienced it to delay no longer. For me no other artistic experience is like it; I do not find anywhere else its equal for vigor, warmth, and poise.

I can speak of Yehudi Menuhin (on the basis of concerts of previous years) only in terms almost as unreserved. His playing is a similar revelation of beauties only vaguely dreamed of until he uncovers them. What weaknesses he has seem to me to be due almost as little to his age as those of Myra Hess to her sex. He stands out, I think, as far above most great violinists as do Fritz Kreisler and Adolf Busch.

While the city's musical life cannot in the nature of things afford an uninterrupted succession of Hess and Menuhin recitals, the past few weeks have brought many artists of less solitary distinction, of whom nevertheless there seems no reason to say any but favorable things. A concert by any of them can hardly fail to yield unusual pleasure and profit, and it is with the idea of recommending them, to those who may welcome some hint as to what they may expect, that they are briefly mentioned here. Among pianists, the recent debut recital of Eunice Norton, pupil of Schnabel and, like Myra Hess, of Matthay, was outstanding even in a city where talented young pianists exhibit their abilities constantly. The severity, the intelligence, and the virtuosity of her playing distinguish her among the best pianists of the season, and at the same time give the best possible assurance of the soundness of her future development. Among singers—whose art is farther from its heyday than that of pianists—Sigrid Onegin remains the most completely satisfying of those that visit New York, with the possible exception of Friedrich Schorr, whom the collapse of the Friends of Music has confined to the stage of the Metropolitan. The success of Richard Tauber seems to me based rather on his vocal virtuosity than on any really musical sincerity or depth. But while his singing on the whole does not at all move me, it contains details of technique and especially of phrasing that are altogether unique. At the other end of the scale is Elisabeth Schumann, whose interpretation of German songs gives significance to singing which from the purely vocal standpoint is not remarkable. Lotte Lehmann combines a voice of unusual beauty with extraordinary interpretative powers whose effect is somewhat hampered by defects of vocal technique. Like both these two, the English Singers—who make no claim to exceptional vocal distinction—rely above all upon the value of the music they sing; sung with the taste and feeling they have for it, it more than makes up by its own beauty for whatever may be lacking in purely sensuous appeal.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

Indigenous

IT has often been pointed out, usually with great scorn, that the men who run the movies were originally nickelodeon proprietors. It is time we realized not only that this state of affairs is a fact, but that it is not necessarily deplorable. The purpose of the American film, or any film for that matter, is mass entertainment at a profit sufficient to enable it to go on. It could not, by reason of its mechanics and its whole set-up, be otherwise. This condition, moreover, seems likely to continue indefinitely. Yet most people, in judging the movies, tend to ignore this simple fact, with the result that more intellectual irrelevance has been wasted on the movies than they have ever deserved.

It does not follow because its prime purpose is mass entertainment at a profit that the moving picture is not or cannot be an art. It will be different from and outside the traditional stream of art, which, until these proletarian times, happens always to have flowed in aristocratic, individualistic channels. It will have to develop as an art within certain limitations, a fate it shares with art in general. The smart comedy is limited by the fact that it must appeal to a sophisticated audience. The movie springs from and depends upon a world dominated by machines, mass production, and mass consumption. The critic is irrelevant who demands a kind of art, a kind of form or effect, not inherent in the material with which the movie must be concerned, namely, the world in which it exists.

Intellectual superiority and mental confusion have had their worst effect upon the movies themselves. Consequently, anything as indigenous as "Taxi" (Strand Theater) and, less recently, "The Champ" arouses an enthusiasm quite out of proportion to its intrinsic merit. In "Taxi" the hard-boiled young man with the heart of gold (James Cagney) is as American as Mr. Ford's Model T, and the part is played with much art and no condescension. The rest of the cast is equally authentic with the important exception of the heroine, Loretta Young, who remains a soft-faced conventional movie star rather than a pretty but not unsophisticated waitress in a third-rate restaurant. The dialogue, which was provided by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright, has a raciness and snap that come straight out of urban America. The speech the hero makes to a meeting of taxicab drivers, for instance, is exactly right. (I think it is significant that Glasmon and Bright were not formerly New York playwrights but engaged in some quite different pursuit in the Middle West.) The director, scene by scene, takes full advantage of the material he is working with, and the picture moves with speed and gusto.

The story of "Taxi" is undistinguished. Its tempo and dialogue, and the characterization, show considerably more artistry. It begins on one theme—a campaign against taxicab racketeers; halfway through it switches to another, purely personal theme. Moreover, it is episode rather than story, and therefore has no shape. But if it is granted that form is the most difficult problem in art, involving as it does complete understanding of the material, it is not surprising that the American movie should be deficient in this element. It may well be also that the American film will not realize its best artistic possibilities until the average mental age of its audience is twenty-one instead of twelve years. But "Taxi" and "The Champ" are at least beginnings. In the meantime criticism of a democratic collective art should not be based upon aristocratic individualistic preferences, however understandable those preferences may be.

MARGARET MARSHALL

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Drama

Nice People

PHILIP BARRY'S new comedy, now current at the Broadhurst Theater, has been hailed with delight. Critics and public seem to agree that it is irresistibly charming, and my voice is evidently destined to cry alone in the wilderness; but I must confess that I find "The Animal Kingdom" subtly offensive from its coyly cynical title on, and that I suspect myself of disliking it for the very reasons which are responsible for its success. Since the plot is of no moment, it must be the tone which counts, but that tone—despite all the author's obvious efforts to be "authentic" or nothing—is distressingly hollow.

If I understand Mr. Barry aright, what he hates above all else is vulgarity. He despises the easy flippancy of Broadway no less than he despises the cheap sentiment of the uneducated, and the blatent ostentation of the rich shocks him neither more nor less than does the middle-classness of the middle class or the proletarianism of the proletariat. He is always dreaming of some ideal milieu—of some purified Riviera or some intelligent Park Avenue—peopled with creatures really worthy of their gracious setting. In pursuit of this dream he is always filling his plays with characters who are fabulously "fine" as well as incredibly elegant, who combine the knowingness of the cosmopolitan fast set with the sensitivity of the artist as the artist is conceived in romantic fiction. But the result is merely that these characters are almost invariably a little bit "too" everything. They are too rich and too elegant to begin with, too preciously gay and gallant and sensitive as they develop. He is, besides, always telling us what they seem to be always telling themselves, namely, that never before were there any people so irreproachable from any reasonable standpoint. Park Avenue could not criticize their manners, Paris could not criticize their taste, and the Algonquin would hang its head in shame if it could realize how far it had been beaten at its own game. Even their morals are fundamentally as sound as their sophistication and their manners, for their essential "decency" is always flashing out from behind the flippant phrase; despite all the necessary complexity of their lives and sentiments they remain Boy Scouts at heart. Nor is there ever any danger that we shall fail to realize just how first-class everything is. With an accomplished casualness, characters and motives alike are always being unostentatiously turned up so that we shall not fail to see the mark. It is "Sterling," of course, but it is "Black, Starr, and Frost" besides.

Now if all this were purely extravagant and confessedly artificial, if Mr. Barry had his tongue firmly in his cheek and realized fully the ridiculousness of it all, then it might be amusing enough. But there is an undercurrent of seriousness which makes it evident that the author is determined "while laughing to teach." He is, I believe, an essentially serious, somewhat sentimental man, and it is a pity that he should be seduced, as he obviously is, by the glamor of a kind of smartness really foreign to his nature. Because of it his people are unconventionally conventional and only escape one cliché to fall into another. They believe themselves free, spontaneous, and genuine; in reality they have only cultivated a more elaborate artificiality and stifled themselves with ultra-smartness while despising the smart. They like the right books and say the right things even though they have gone just one step ahead of the people who admit that they strive to do just that. They do not—to take a specific example—think the *New Yorker* really clever, but one is just as sure that they would think it

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Distant Drums—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Electro—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Bride The Sun Shines On—Geo. M. Cohen—B'way. & 43 St.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

See page iv for plays, films, lectures, etc.

cheap as one is sure that the group they despise would think it amusing, and they would be as ashamed to laugh at a drawing by Arno as their vulgar acquaintances would be ashamed not to. It is all too distressingly merely a matter of what "our set" is doing this year, and, to put it briefly, Mr. Barry falls into vulgarity as the direct result of his terrible fear that he might conceivably be vulgar. Surely he should discover before long that one cannot escape the curse of the fashionable by being more fashionable than anyone else. The effort to do so is called chasing one's own tail, and if he is really in search of the genuine it is a pity he has never thought of trying to be simple.

I have a rather short list of performers whom I gladly watch in almost any play purely for the pleasure to be had in their voice, gesture, and physical presence. The list does not contain the names of some of our most distinguished actors, and the failure of certain famous ladies of the theater to appear upon it is explained by the fact that I have never been able to discover what claims they had to fame unless the possession of an individual though annoying mannerism be considered such a claim. However, Mary Ellis does appear rather early in the list, and for that reason I found more enjoyment in "The Jewel Robbery" (Booth Theater) than the merits of that pleasant little comedy could account for. Those who share my enthusiasm for Miss Ellis's warm, rather luscious charm will find that the play gives her a good opportunity to display it. Joseph Wood Krutch

"Whistling in the Dark" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is a play in which a successful author of murder mysteries quite by accident finds himself in a den of murderous racketeers, and after a few drinks boasts that he could, if necessary, execute the most deadly crime without discovery. Since this gang is desperately in need of doing away with a prominent crime-investigator, they hold him to his boast and force him to work out a plan—threatening death to him and his fiancee if his scheme is not successful. The play is not very skilfully written and much of it would appear rather trite if Ernest Truex did not so delightfully portray the plight of a mild, kindly author who is compelled for once to act as a cruel master-mind.

M. G.

Contributors to This Issue

Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation,* is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

David W. Wainhouse was formerly assistant director of research of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Paul Y. Anderson is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Oakley Johnson has just returned from Kentucky, where he has been investigating conditions among the striking miners.

Horace Gregory, author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," has recently published a translation of Catullus.

Eda Lou Walton is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, and author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

Isidor Schneider is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

W. Norman Brown is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

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